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OUR YESTERDAYS

1922

Fort Wayne

Normal School Year

Book

1772000



MISS FLORA WILBER

***** Dedication *****

TO ONE WHOSE TRUE FRIENDSHIP AND EXCELLENT
ADVICE HAS MEANT SO MUCH TO US DURING THE
PAST TWO YEARS, WE, THE CLASS OF 1922, DEDICATE
THIS BOOK AS AN EXPRESSION OF OUR APPRECIATION

FOREWORD

THE CLASS of 1922 has through this publication endeavored to record those events which stand out in the years spent in preparation for teaching and, since this is the closing year of the Fort Wayne Normal School, to record also much of what has transpired in other years, to call to the minds of all who read memories of by-gone days and to leave in permanent form a record of the chief events in the history of the school. How well they have succeeded is attested by the following pages. They are to be congratulated not only upon the result of their efforts but also upon the spirit which prompted them to undertake it.

FLORA WILBER.

EDITORIAL STAFF

MISS RINEHART.....*Faculty Advisor*
HELEN RAPP.....*Editor-in-Chief*
HELEN SCOTT.....*History Editor*
MARY EUNICE EATON.....*Class Reporter*
MARJORIE OSBORN.....*Literary Editor*
DOROTHY MITCHELL.....*Business Manager*

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VELMA HOLT - - - - - *Secretary-Treasurer*

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

MARY EUNICE EATON RUTH TUCKER
DOROTHY GRIFFITH

NORMAL SCHOOL SONG

TUNE, BELGIAN ROSE

Written by Elizabeth Rogier, '19

Fort Wayne Normal, we all love you,
To your wise teachings we will be true;
Though lessons taught us sometimes are hard,
Yet them we'll remember and always regard:
The day will come when we all must part,
Yet we'll be here in heart.
Your joys will be our joys, no matter where we go.
Normal School, Our Fort Wayne Normal School,
We'll always love the brown and the gold
And then in days when we're growing old,
We still will think of you, and memory will renew
The days we spent in lessons, laughter and fun,
Before the great task of our lives had begun
And we will honor you, Our Fort Wayne Normal School.



MARY H. SWAN
First Principal
1867-1869



MARTHA A. JONES
Critic Teacher and Last Principal
1876-1886



JAMES H. SMART
Superintendent Who Organized the School



DR. JOHN S. IRWIN
Secretary of the Board of Education
was organized, later Superintendent



JENNIE SNIVELY
Critic Teacher
1871-1873



ADA E. REMMEL
Fourth Principal
1876-1881

HISTORY

IN THE YEARS of reconstruction following the Civil War, the school officials of many cities felt a serious need for raising the professional standard of their teachers. It was in 1867, a few months before the founding of the City Normal at Indianapolis and the year before the founding of the State Normal at Terre Haute, that the school board of Fort Wayne, upon the recommendation of the Superintendent of Schools, James H. Smart, decided to establish a training school and to employ teachers for the school at a cost "not to exceed \$1,800."

The reasons for the founding of the school are set forth at length by Superintendent Smart, Dr. John S. Irwin, secretary, and O. P. Morgan, president of the Board, in the fifth annual report of the Board of Education published in 1868: "The importance of professional schools for the education of teachers is fully recognized by the leading educators of the country. The business of teaching, like any other, must be learned. Proficiency can be acquired only by systematic study and training We cannot depend upon other cities altogether, for our experience has shown that others can draw from us as well as we can draw from them. Our only recourse has been the establishment of a City Training School, in which graduates of our High School, and others who may be admitted, may have special instruction, training and practice in the business in which they propose to engage." It is notable that because of the establishment of its training school Fort Wayne was able to secure teachers who had a high school education and were trained for teaching at a time when only a very small percentage of teachers had even so much as a high school education.

How well the school authorities believed they succeeded is shown by the following statement by O. P. Morgan in the commencement address of 1868: "The school is no longer an experiment, it is an institution that should be maintained as a part of our school system." Dr. John S. Irwin, later Superintendent of Schools, but at that time Secretary of the Board, in a historical sketch of the city government, wrote: "The wisdom of the measure was rapidly manifested in the higher ability of the teachers, the broader, more accurate, and more solid character of their work, and in the rapidly growing reputation of the school amongst prominent educators."

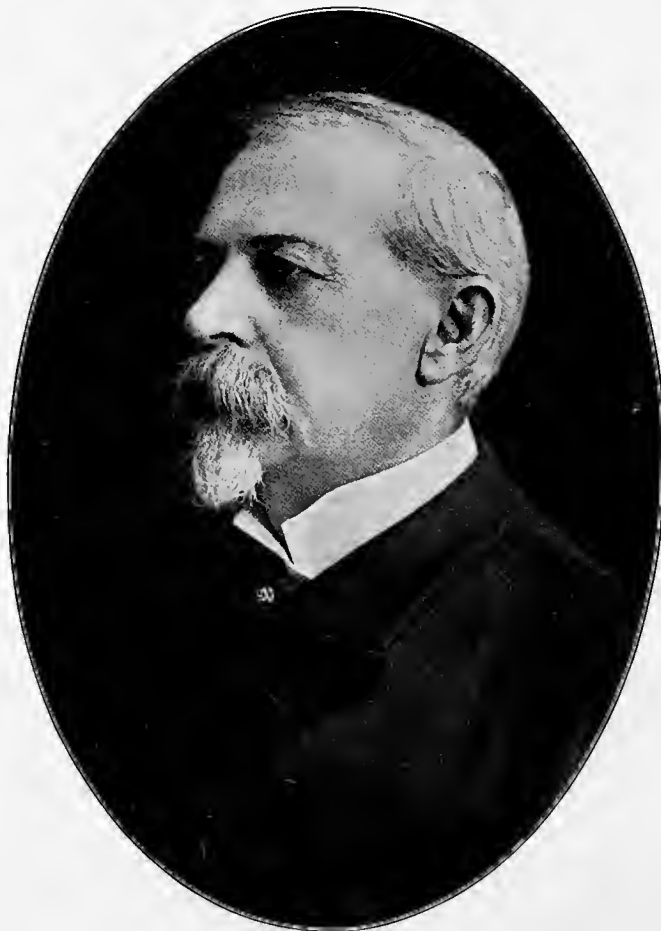
The school was continued until 1886, when, as Dr. Irwin stated, "for pressing reasons then existing, the Board discontinued it for the time being. So great were the advantages of the school in many ways that its reorganization is greatly to be desired."

In 1896 Justin N. Study became Superintendent. He found the teaching body recruited from the High School graduates largely without any professional preparation. To convert the corps of teachers into a body of trained teachers was his first concern. He states (Report of 1902): "He who manages a system of schools must get his results from a shifting, unstable corps of teachers, even under the best circumstances. Some years ago, I made a careful investigation of a certain city in this state. The investigation covered a period of twenty-five years. The result showed an average of less than five years, and yet in no place in the state perhaps are conditions more favorable for continued and continuous service. . . . This is the result reached by other investigators and five years may be considered a fair average of service taking the country over; and yet it is with this kind of a shifting force that the superintendent of schools must obtain his results."

"The corps of teachers might have been made professional by rigidly demanding as a pre-requisite to appointment a normal school diploma, but this had not been done, nor is a course practicable in a community as large as Fort Wayne. Graduates from the High School must form a large proportion of the teaching force in any large system of city schools. Many, who have natural qualifications for teaching, have not the means at command to enable them to go abroad to take the normal school course of study. It is wise economy to furnish the professional training, absolutely essential to good work, at home, and then rigidly exclude from the elementary schools all untrained teachers by refusing to employ any one who has not completed the training school, or a normal course of study or who does not come with skill gained by successful experience elsewhere."

In recent years the State of Indiana has increased its facilities for the training of all teachers so that conditions have changed from what they were when the Normal School was re-established. In the opinion of the school authorities the emergency requiring the city to train its own teachers no longer exists. Accordingly the school is to be officially closed in September, 1922.

The first school was located on the first floor of the building on East Wayne street which has recently been known as the Old High School Building. The entire High School was housed on the second floor, and the gymnasium was located on the third floor. This



JUSTIN N. STUDY
Superintendent of Schools, 1886-1917

building is now only a memory, as the School Board sold the property and a recent fire began the work of destruction. When re-established, the school was located at its present site on the corner of Rivermet avenue and Oneida street. The name was changed in 1907 to the Fort Wayne Normal School. The grade school in which the students take their observation and practice teaching is now known as the Normal Training School.

PRINCIPALS AND TEACHERS

The Normal School of greatest influence in the Middle West in 1867 was the Oswego Training School, established in 1861 at Oswego, New York. Two graduates of this school were employed in the new school at Fort Wayne. The principal was Mary H. Swan. The Fifth Annual Report of the Board of Education in 1868 gives the name of Lena S. Funnelle as critic teacher while the report of Miss Swan in the same volume gives the name of Mary L. Hamilton. According to Mrs. Jay Moderwell, who, as Martha Jones, was a member of the class, Miss Hamilton held the position the first year. She later became Mrs. Norman Hoisington.

Mrs. Moderwell also contributes the following: "Miss Swan, our principal and teacher of methods, was young, a graduate of Oswego Normal in 1867, and charming in every way, bright, dignified, and pretty. As I told you, we enjoyed immensely the frequent visits of the Superintendent whose interest in his pet scheme and its attractive head never ceased. His sight was poor but he appreciated the bright eyes of Miss Swan." Miss Swan resigned in 1869 to become Mrs. James H. Smart, the wife of the superintendent of schools.

Critic teachers of the early history were Lena S. Funnelle, 1868-'71; Jennie Snively, 1871-'73; Mary Elizabeth Simmons, 1873-'74; Fannie S. Hassler, 1874-'76; Martha Jones, 1876-'81, and Sarah Updegraf, 1881-'86. Miss Snively died in 1873. Miss Funnelle was later known as Mrs. William W. Rope, and Miss Updegraf as Mrs. Jason McVay of Columbus, Ohio.

Miss Julia A. Werner was principal 1869-'70. She was succeeded by Leonora I. Drake, 1870-'76. Miss Werner became Mrs. Joseph M. Lanson and Miss Drake, Mrs. Roger Butterfield of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Mrs. Butterfield died during the summer of 1920. Ada E. Rimmel was principal, 1876-'81. She is now Mrs. G. E. Benson.

Miss Martha Jones, a graduate of the class of 1868 and later a graduate of Mt. Holyoke, was employed as principal from 1881 to 1886, after which she became Mrs. Jay Moderwell. Mrs. Moderwell has since mingled with the teachers of Fort Wayne and given her assistance in the work of the public schools. We appreciate having a personal message from her in another part of this book.

Jessie L. Montgomery became principal of the school in 1897. Miss Montgomery was a graduate of the Indiana State Normal School and had been a critic teacher in the State Normal College at Ypsilanti, Michigan. After five years of service in the Normal School here, she resigned on account of her mother's ill health. Later she specialized in dramatic literature and taught in the Alberti School of Pantomime in New York. She is now in charge of the Junior High School department of the Normal Training School at Winona, Minnesota.

Since 1902, Miss Flora Wilber has been principal of the Normal and Training School. Her fine qualifications together with her untiring devotion to her work have all contributed to the high standard which the Fort Wayne Normal School has maintained. She has graduated from the Michigan State Normal College with the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Pedagogies, also from the Oswego State Normal with a special diploma for critic teaching. She has taken the degrees of B. S. and A. M. in Education from Columbia University. This excellent training has been rounded by a year of study and travel abroad and summer work in various universities. Miss Wilber taught in the Michigan State Normal College before coming to Fort Wayne. Many bits of literature in the archives of the school express the loyalty of the students who cherish the memories of the pranks for which they were rebuked and the achievements for which they were praised by one who had their interests very closely at heart.

The great influence that the Oswego Normal and Training School extended throughout the West in the training of teachers is well illustrated in Fort Wayne. Not only was the school organized by Oswego graduates, but several of its teachers in the following years, Miss Funnelle, Miss Werner, Miss Simmons and Miss Wilber, were graduates of the same institution. In the city schools Miss Sarah J. Pyne, later Mrs. D. N. Foster, and Miss Annie E. Klingensmith, primary supervisor for several years, were graduates of the Oswego Normal.

The present faculty of the Normal School consists of twelve members. This includes four city supervisors. Members of the faculty also act as critic teachers in the Training School. There are two advantages in this arrangement. The first is the close welding of theory and practice which results when the Normal teachers have classroom work with children. The second is that when each teacher gives only a part of her time to each school, the work can be divided in such a manner that specialists may be secured in each subject, and a common difficulty of small schools is avoided, that of giving a variety of courses to each teacher whether she is fitted to teach them or not.

COURSE OF STUDY

The original normal course was one year in length. The students taught as practice teachers half of each day and received instruction the other half. The report of Miss Swan in 1868 regarding the course of study is an interesting bit of history as it reveals the educational ideals of that time: "Methods have been given in Number, Language, Form, Color, Objects, Geography, Animals, Size, Weight, Sound and Moral Instruction. Natural History and Geography have been studied preparatory to the discussion of the methods." The addition of Vocal Music and Drawing was recommended.

Pestalozzi's doctrine of basing instruction upon objects was just beginning to get a foothold in this country. Although Miss Swan advocated it, she was very careful to guard against a misunderstanding of "Object Teaching." She says, "It is by no means necessary that an object be the theme of every lesson, but pupils are taught Reading, Arithmetic and Writing, as in other schools. We do not require children to commit to memory sentences they do not understand, but rather endeavor to lead them by questioning, explanation, and illustration, to a perfect understanding of the subject. Then, and not till then, are they to memorize."

In 1902 the course was lengthened to one and one-half years and in 1910 to two years. The school is now on the list of accredited schools which train teachers for provisional and life certificates to teach in the elementary schools of Indiana. Its credits are recognized by the schools of education in the leading universities of the country. Graduates may secure the Bachelor's degree without loss of time.

PRESENT STATUS OF GRADUATES

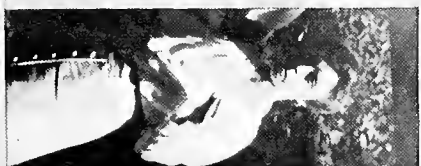
The school has never been large. The recommendation of the first principal and the expressed intention of the school board at that time that the school "furnish teachers not only for the city, but for the neighboring counties of the state" has never been carried out excepting in the summer session of 1921. A total of four hundred thirty-one have graduated from the school since 1867, one hundred seventy-four from the first organization and two hundred seventy-six from the second. Of those graduating since 1897, thirty-eight completed a one year course, one hundred two a one and one-half year course, and one hundred thirty-six a two year course. The school has given an opportunity for those who have graduated from short courses to re-graduate from the two year course and thus be entitled to the state provisional and life licenses granted by the State Teachers' Training Board to graduates of approved schools. Nineteen have already taken advantage of this opportunity; eight others will re-graduate this June, and by September, 1922, when the school officially closes, eight more will have received diplomas from the longer course. Thus practically every graduate who has not finished the two year course and who is still teaching in the city schools will have done so before the school is discontinued.

Since the passage of the law of 1919, graduates of two year courses approved by the State Teachers' Training Board are granted provisional licenses by that board. These licenses are exchangeable for life licenses after two years of successful teaching. Accordingly, provisional licenses have been granted to all graduating since 1916, ninety-three up to the present time. Those teaching who graduated from approved two year courses prior to 1916 were granted life licenses. These number thirty-three.

With one or two exceptions, every graduate has taught in the city school. One hundred twenty-nine are still teaching, eight from the first organization and the remainder from the second organization. Fifteen have been or are now principals:

Margaret S. Cochrane.....	Washington School
Jennie Snively.....	Hanna School
Frank Hamilton.....	Hoagland School
Clara Phelps.....	Harmar School
Margaret M. McPhail.....	Bloomington School
Susan S. Sinclair.....	Franklin School
Mary A. Abel.....	South Wayne School
Sarah E. McKean.....	Nebraska School
Emma L. Armstrong.....	Washington School
Mary E. Freeman.....	Lakeside School
Martha E. Wohlfort.....	Franklin School
Alice M. Habecker.....	Hanna School
Margaret Saylor.....	Franklin School
Mary B. Seaton.....	Hamilton School
Gladys H. Williams.....	Franklin School

Some have left us to go to other places, sometimes into other work. One is a missionary teacher in far away Persia, one is in Hawaii, others may be found scattered throughout the various states. Two were Red Cross workers in France during the war, two taught in government schools, one was Wisconsin State Chairman of the Women's Liberty Loan Committee. During the war, when Fort Wayne experienced a dearth of



FACULTY GROUPS

teachers, our married alumnae responded to the call so that we suffered less than most places during that trying period.

THE TRAINING SCHOOL

The supervised teaching of the students was originally done in rooms selected in different buildings. Miss Swan found that by this arrangement the schools could not be "under the strict superintendence so essential to their welfare." For this reason, since the refounding of the school in 1897, the Training School and Normal have occupied the same building. At present there are eleven rooms with a kindergarten and six grades in charge of training or critic teachers. A fully equipped playground kept open the year round provides recreation for the children, and opportunity for learning how to conduct playgrounds for the students.

Many interesting projects have been undertaken in the school. A garden has been cared for by the children. Sometimes the products have been sold and the money thus obtained used for school purposes. At one time a hive of bees provided opportunity for study. Such enterprises have not only motivated the Nature Study, but have given opportunities for social experience through group activities which will be long remembered by both pupils and students.

THE LIBRARY

Miss Swan states in her report of 1868: "The school is without a Library or Cabinet. Books are very much needed, especially books of reference and those relating to the arts and sciences." At the present time the school has accumulated a valuable and up-to-date library of nearly five thousand bound volumes. This is quite a complete specialized library for a small school in which not a great number of duplicate copies is required. All the current educational magazines are on the shelves.

ASSEMBLIES

It has been the custom of the school for several years to hold an Assembly of the students and teachers one afternoon each week. One week the Juniors plan the program, the next week the Seniors, and the next, the teachers. Each group has an assembly committee. Each committee selects one from its members to be a member of the General Assembly Committee to which all programs are submitted for approval.

The Committees strive to give programs which are both educational and entertaining. They are usually given by members of the faculty or students, but occasionally by outsiders.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

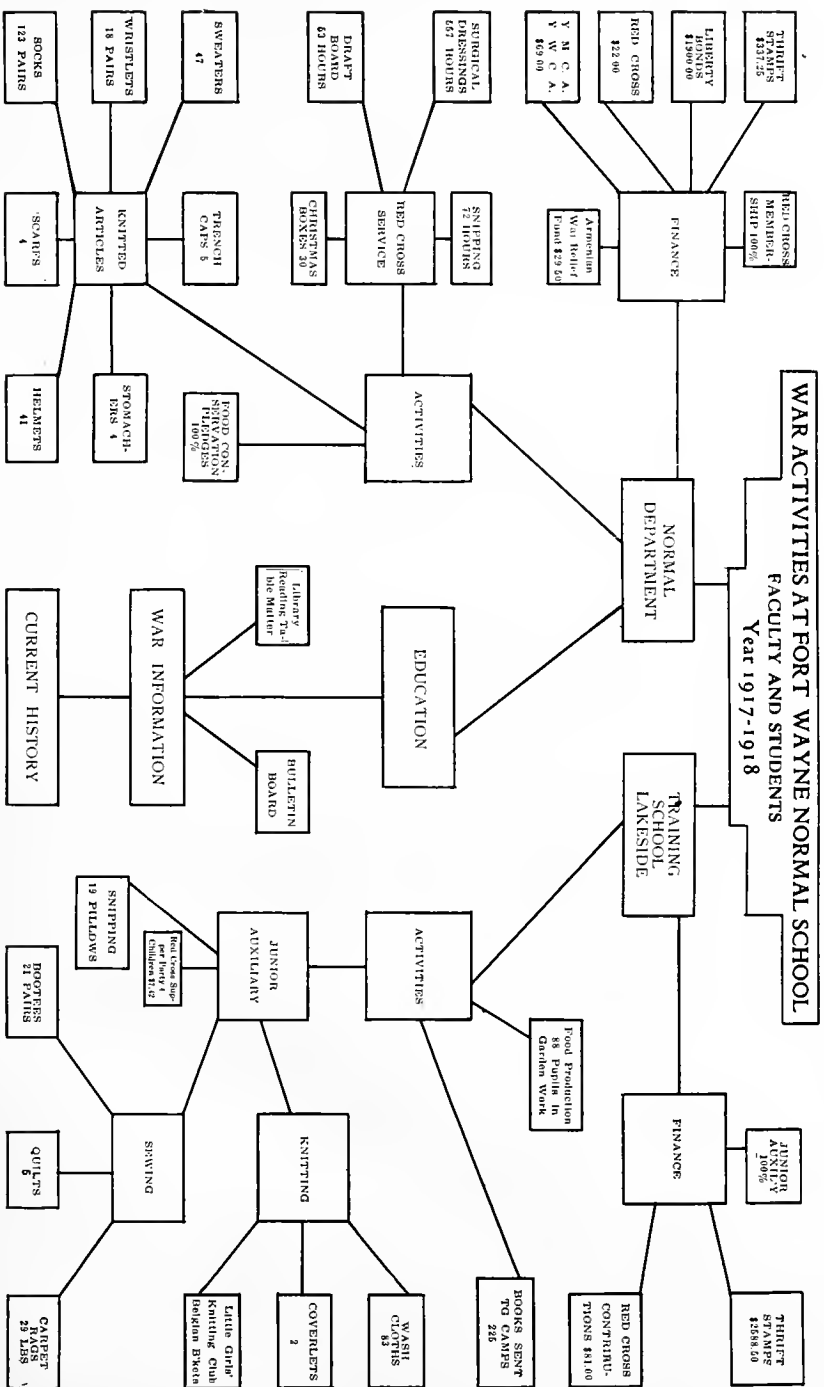
At the beginning of each year it has been customary for the Seniors to give one party in honor of the Juniors and another in honor of the Seniors of the past year. Later the Juniors return this compliment given them by entertaining the Seniors. The faculty is invited to these parties. Often another is given by the faculty for the girls. Games are played, various stunts are given, and class songs are sung. Much wholesome rivalry has existed between classes over the composing of class songs.

These are not the only parties enjoyed during the year, for often informal wiener bakes and marshmallow roasts are given in Lakeside Park. Then, too, for the past few years, the Normal students have been given a Christmas luncheon in honor of the faculty whom they have had as class teachers during the year.

CARTOON CONTEST

In 1912 Miss Wilber introduced a cartoon contest to stimulate the interest of the Normal students in public affairs. The presidential election furnished a good subject. Cartoons were first studied in class to find what stories they told, what attitude the cartoonist had taken, and what aid or hindrance the cartoons were to the cause of the election. Then the students were asked to make a collection of cartoons from magazines or papers telling the election story. The prize was to go to the student who by November 17, 1912, had made the collection best telling the story. If told equally well by several, the prize was to go to the student whose collection was the most pointed and humorous. The judges were B. J. Griswold of the Sentinel and H. E. Larimer of the News. The collections varied in length from two hundred to four hundred cartoons, and single collections represented as many as fifty cartoonists.

One interesting result of the contest was the marked growth of political thought. Girls who had previously been loyal to their fathers' preferences developed independent opinions, and girls who had formerly had no political preference became strong adherents of a definite party policy. However, very few collections showed political bias. The personal testimony of the students eight months later showed that the interest stimulated by the contest carried over not only into politics but also into other public questions.



THE PAGEANT OF 1914

October 22, 1914, the one-hundred twentieth anniversary of the founding of Fort Wayne was celebrated in a number of ways among the people of the city but nowhere more fittingly than at Lakeside Park, where the Normal School presented a pageant depicting the history of the founding of our city. In preparation for "Old Fort Day" as it is called, the students planned a pageant under the supervision of Miss Wilber.

The park board kindly permitted the school to use Lakeside Park, and co-operated generously in building a stockade and in furnishing shrubs and greenery for the scenes. An island in the lagoon was chosen as the setting, the chairs for the audience being placed on the mainland at a point where the water was only a few feet wide.

Miss Esther Phipps wrote the following invitation to the public:

On October two and twenty
Pleasure we shall give a-plenty,
Come and join us then we pray
And honor Fort Wayne's natal day;
For Lakeside Normal School is bent
To celebrate that great event.

The tomahawk is buried,
The council fires are dead;
But memories of heroic deeds
A glamour o'er us shed.
If in your hearts you cherish
Brave deeds of stalwart men,
Come join our celebration
And honor Anthony Wayne.

Indians bold, their squaws as daring,
French and English of the past,
Kekionga, Little Turtle
On your vision let us cast.
Learn the history of our city
View its humble birth
Then decide to boost forever
The best town on earth—Fort Wayne!

In addition, cleverly decorated invitations in verse were sent out to presidents of various clubs in the city and the officers of the administration. Downtown store windows were enlivened with artistic posters announcing the great event. The story was divided into three scenes showing different periods of the early history of Fort Wayne. The prelude and interludes were given by Miss Helen Ehle as the Spirit of History, assisted by sixteen charming Spirits of the Past. The first scene showed life in 1614 in the Indian village of Kekionga at the joining of the three rivers, and the coming of the first French fur traders. The second told of the condition of the country under Ensign Holmes just before the Pontiac conspiracy. The last showed the coming of General Wayne after the battle of Fallen Timbers, the rout of the English and Indians, the founding and naming of the fort.

More than four hundred people in costume assisted in this enterprise. This number included all of the children of the Training School, all of the students of the Normal School, and the teachers of both schools. Many of the costumes and properties were worked out as projects in the Training School. Concordia College lent military uniforms, and the State School Band furnished the martial music.

It was the co-operation of the teachers, pupils, student-teachers, Park Board, and many others under the leadership of Miss Wilber, which made this large production possible and the tribute paid to our city worthy of its acceptance.

HISTORICAL MARKERS

In 1916 Indiana celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of her admission into the Union. To commemorate this event and to educate its citizens with regard to Indiana history, Fort Wayne, as well as many other cities, gave pageants. The Normal School helped in Fort Wayne's celebration by placing eleven markers. The location of each one with its inscription is given below.

KEKIONGA (On Dike Near Lake Avenue).

This section of Fort Wayne, known as Lakeside, was, for generations of the Red Man, the site of an Indian village known as Kiskakon, Kekionga and Kekiogoe, the stronghold of the savages until the period of the Indian wars which culminated in Wayne's victory in 1794. In 1789-1790, this village was ruled by Chief Pecanne. It was the scene of many savage outbreaks against the Americans.



Pageant Celebrating the 120th Anniversary of the Founding of Fort Wayne, at Lakeside
Park, October 22, 1914.
(Courtesy of Board of Park Commissioners.)

MIAMI TOWN (On the Dike Along the St. Joe, Between Lake and Rivermet).

Upon the opposite bank of the St. Joseph, there existed, for many years, a strong French settlement known as Miami Town, ruled by the Indian Chief, LeGris. It was destroyed by Harmar's troops in 1790.

WABASH AND ERIE CANAL (Crossing of Nickel Plate at Harrison Street).

The right-of-way of the Nickel Plate railroad through Fort Wayne was formerly the route of the Wabash and Erie Canal, one of the greatest of all artificial waterways. It extended from Toledo, Ohio, to Evansville, Indiana, with Fort Wayne as the chief port of commerce.

CAMP ALLEN (At Entrance to Swinney Park).

Upon the grounds on the opposite bank of the river, known as Camp Allen, thousands of men of northern Indiana were recruited for service in the Civil War.

FRENCH FORT (At East End of Main Street Bridge).

On the east bank of the St. Mary's river, about two squares north of this point, stood an ancient French fort, erected to form a defense against the English. The fort was abandoned in 1750 (forty-four years before General Wayne's campaign), and a new French fort erected on the St. Joseph river at the junction of St. Joe Boulevard and Delaware Avenue.

The remains of the aqueduct which conveyed the Wabash and Erie Canal across the river may be seen between the two railroad bridges, west bank.

HARMAR'S BATTLEFIELD (Near the Junction of Delaware Avenue and St. Joe Blvd.)

Upon the field to the east and south was fought, on October 22, 1790, the fiercest engagement of the battle between General Harmar's troops and the Indians under Little Turtle. In the river, many of the Indians were caught in the cross-fire between the detachments under Major Fontaine and Major McMullan, on the east bank, and Major Hall on the west bank. Major Fontaine, with a number of his men died near this spot. Firearms have been found in the river bed after lying there over 100 years.

SITE OF LAST FRENCH FORT (At the Junction of Delaware Ave. and St. Joe Blvd.)

Upon this site, in 1750-1751, Captain M. de Raimond erected the last of the French forts on the soil of the present Fort Wayne. This fort was captured by the British in 1760. In 1763, at the outbreak of the Pontiac conspiracy, the British commandant, Ensign Robert Holmes, was murdered and the garrison captured by the Indians, aided by the French.

HARMAR'S FORD (At Some Point Along Edgewater Avenue).

On the morning of October 22, 1790, Chief Little Turtle, leader of the Indians, met the approaching troops of General Harmar at the ford of the Maumee river near this point. The fierce assault brought death to Major John Wyllys and many of his officers and men. A total of 183 men of Harmar's command lost their lives in the disastrous campaign.

SITE OF OLD FORT WAYNE (At Old Fort Park).

This triangular piece of ground was a portion of the areas enclosed by the last group of blockhouses, garrison buildings and palisades known as Fort Wayne. This last fort was built by Colonel John Hunt, probably in 1800. It was rebuilt by Major John Whistler in 1815-1816. General Wayne's fort was located a short distance to the southward. (See corner of Berry and Clay streets.)

SITE OF GENERAL WAYNE'S FORT (At the Northeast Corner of Clay and Berry St.)

This corner lot, No. 11, is believed to have occupied the center of the fort originally erected by General Anthony Wayne in September and October, 1794. It was abandoned upon the erection of the new fort by Colonel John Hunt in 1800, one square north of this spot. (See Old Fort Park.)

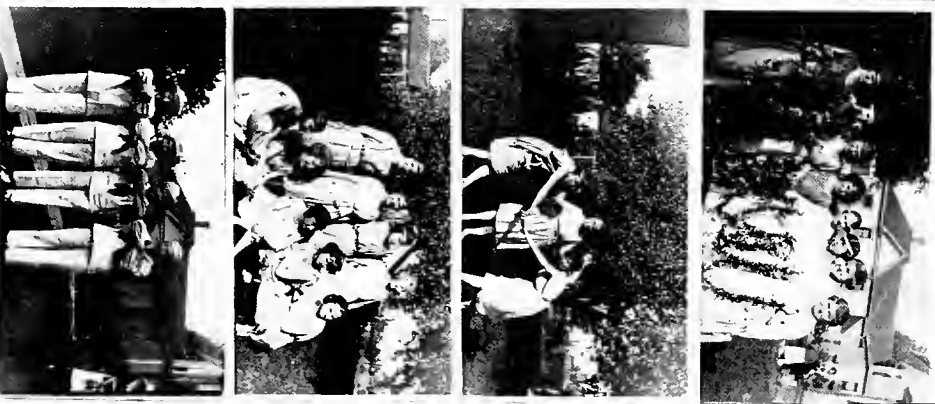
SITE OF COUNCIL HOUSE (At the Lot Next East of No. 1 Engine House).

The last council house, erected after the Indians had burned the earlier council house, in 1812, occupied the site of this lot. It was used as a place of council with the Indians, and later as a schoolhouse and residence.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL

The first summer session of the Fort Wayne Normal School opened on June 22, 1920, with an enrollment of twenty students drawn from the city teachers. In 1921 the enrollment increased to eighty students and its faculty was enlarged from two instructors to eight. They were Miss Wilber, principal; Miss Beulah Rinehart, Miss Mary Young, E. M. Suter, Miss Mary Paxton, Miss Erma Dochterman, Miss Gertrude Zook, and Maurice E. Murphy. The term was lengthened from six weeks the first year to twelve weeks the second.

The students were drawn from a large area, coming from Illinois, Ohio, and Wisconsin, as well as from towns surrounding Fort Wayne. As many students drove in from the surrounding districts in automobiles, the curbs about the school were lined with cars during the sessions. Before this time, the tradition that only girls attended the school had been broken by only one young man. Nine young men took the course in the summer term.



FLOWER FESTIVAL SCENES

Any subject desired by twenty or more students was arranged with the understanding that credits received were accepted in such schools as University of Chicago and Columbia University. A course of twelve weeks which entitled them to the Class A certificate demanded by the state for beginning teachers, was arranged for High School graduates. Another twelve weeks course was offered to those who had completed Class A work. It entitled the student to a Class B certificate. These courses could be applied on the one and two year courses. The city teachers took advantage of this opportunity to make advanced credits without leaving their homes during their vacations. Some life licenses were secured with the help of these additional credits. The young people of the country also found it a great advantage to live at home and take the training which would enable them to teach. Not the least of the advantages of the summer school was the opportunity given the city teachers to become acquainted with the teachers of surrounding country and towns.

The summer school was not all study, however. Many stories and arguments in the hall or on the street made students reluctant to return to their class-rooms. Chocolate bars and sandwiches indulged in between classes helped to sustain energy during the long, hot morning sessions and made Redding's store prosperous. Assemblies, formal and informal, broke the monotony of daily routine. The social climax came with the big picnic, at Lakeside Park, when great interest was shown in a baseball game to which the young men were challenged by the young women.

FLOWER FESTIVALS

In 1915, the following account of the first Flower Festival appeared in a local paper: "In a grove of stately oak, black walnut and maple trees, known as Lakeside Park, the first annual flower festival of the Lakeside Normal School was held yesterday afternoon. At three o'clock a procession of maidens in Grecian costumes of cheese cloth in white, and lovely shades of blue, yellow, green and pink, with ribbon bands in their hair, made up the senior class of the Normal School, and juniors in white, together with the queen, Miss Gladys Becker, president of the seniors, her tiny train-bearing pages, four flower girls, and the tiny crown-bearer, wended its way from the school eastward to the park, crossed several rustic bridges and then veered southward toward the flower-trimmed throne, where Marie Strieder waited to crown the queen. This done, her queenship, as well as the assembled audience, reviewed the folk dances and the Maypole dance as given by the Seniors and Juniors of the school. The Maypole was a sturdy one, being a noble oak entwined with the class colors of yellow and brown. Music was furnished by a phonograph. The queen's throne was flower-embowered, being set against a large maple tree, and the queen not only had a crown of roses on her head, but a huge shower bouquet of peonies and roses in her arms, a spread of pink giant artificial sweetpeas above her head, and peonies, daisies and syringa blossoms at her feet. After "a-dancing on the green in honor of the queen," the Seniors, Juniors, teachers, and alumnae had a pleasant social hour and a picnic supper. In the evening an entertainment was given in the school building, which was largely a "stunt party."

The original intention of making the Flower Festival an annual affair has been adhered to. Each year since 1915 the Normal School students have made the Flower Festival in Lakeside Park an occasion of great interest to the people of Fort Wayne.

The queen is chosen from the Senior class by secret ballot, all students and members of the faculty participating in the vote. The announcement is made of the one elected just before the procession forms. The herald, queens from other years, dancers, and queen's attendants precede the queen in the procession. As it arrives in the park they form two lines from the entrance, and the queen, preceded by flower girls who scatter rose petals in her path, passes between these lines to her throne. Here the queen of the previous year crowns the new queen with roses, thus surrendering her sovereignty. The new queen in return crowns the former queen with forget-me-nots in token of remembrance.

After this ceremony, the former queens and the dancers group themselves around the throne. Then the program of dancing and music announced by the herald is given. This sometimes takes the form of a pageant. The beautiful in legend and art from many centuries has been represented in such exercises as the dances of many nations in 1919, the Indian and Colonial dances of 1920, and the Robin Hood dances of 1921.

The following students have been chosen as queens of their respective classes:

- 1915—Gladys Becker.
- 1916—Mary Zent.
- 1917—Helen Rohyans.
- 1918—Esther Miller.
- 1919—Mildred Gailey.
- 1920—Estella Sherbondy.
- 1921—Elizabeth Lowery



FLOWER FESTIVAL, JUNE 4, 1921, LAKESIDE PARK.
(Courtesy of Board of Park Commissioners)

COMMENCEMENTS

In the early days, joint commencements were held for the High School and Training School. The programs consisted chiefly of essays delivered by the graduates. A published copy of the essays of the class of 1869 is still preserved. One cannot believe, after reading the essay of Miss Margaret Cochrane, later principal of the Washington School and still a resident of Fort Wayne, that the youthful spirit of progress was any less strong in the '60's than it is in 1922. "Men will cling to old opinions, to old policies, and to old hats all the more desperately because haunted by the terrible fear that they might possibly, in a moment of weakness, be led to entertain a feeling of tolerance for any dangerous 'new fangled' thing. Such men have ever been clogs to the working out of 'onward and upward' motto, and perpetual goads to that particularly progressive spirit, 'Young America.' It is to these that young America, never at a loss for expressive titles, has given those of 'old fogies,' 'fossils,' and 'slow old coaches.'"

In January, 1902, the first class graduated from the extended course. At this time the Normal commencement was separated from that of the High School, and addresses were given by men of prominence in Fort Wayne. In 1902 the address was given by Rev. J. Webster Bailey; in 1903, by Mr. Samuel M. Foster; in 1904, by Superintendent J. N. Study; in 1905, by Dr. W. O. Gross.

From 1905 to the present time, the addresses have been given by men of reputation in educational circles outside of the city. The names constitute a list of which the Normal School can be proud: 1906, Hon. F. A. Cotton, State Superintendent of Public Instruction; 1907, W. W. Parsons, President of I. S. N. S.; 1908, Dr. E. B. Bryan, President of Franklin College; 1909, Dr. Robert J. Aley, State Superintendent of Public Instruction; 1910, Dr. William L. Bryan, President of I. U.; 1911, Dr. E. H. Lindley, I. U.; 1912, Prof. H. B. Von Klein Smid, DePauw University; 1913, Dr. W. W. Black, I. U.; 1914, Prof. D. H. Roberts, Michigan State Normal College; 1915, Dr. M. E. Haggarty, I. U.; 1916, Dr. Stanley L. Coulter, Purdue University; 1917, Edgar A. Doll, Vineland Training School; 1918, F. B. Pearson, State Superintendent of Ohio; 1919, Dr. Wm. Bishop Owen, Principal of Chicago Normal College; 1920, Carroll G. Pearce, President of Milwaukee State Normal School; 1921, Dr. W. W. Black, I. U. In 1922 the address is to be given by S. A. Courtis of the Research Department, Detroit Public Schools.

BACCALAUREATE

Several weeks before graduation the girls of the Senior class select, by voting, the minister whom they wish to have preach the baccalaureate sermon. This service is held the Sunday before graduation.

THE BANQUET

For many years the Juniors had given a party the week before graduation in honor of the Seniors. These parties finally became so elaborate that they have taken the form of a banquet to which the Superintendent, Assistant Superintendent, their wives, the members of the School Board, their wives, the Alumnae, Miss Wilber, the Faculty and the Normal students are invited. The Juniors take much pride in making this occasion an outstanding feature of the year. The banquet room is decorated with school colors, daisies, and other spring flowers, and the school pennants.

Various educational leaders of the city as well as a Senior honor student chosen by the Faculty to represent her class, give toasts. The school song, class songs, and community songs are sung. Class yells are given and sometimes a short program is given by the members of the Junior class. All await this event eagerly, for it is a time when old friendships are renewed, past experiences are recalled and re-lived, new friendships are formed, and everyone has a rousing good time.

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FLOWER FESTIVAL QUEENS

ALUMNAE CONTRIBUTIONS

FASH IN THE BYE AND BYE

MARY A. YOUNG, '17

A FANTASY.

Time—Present.

Prologue—At last I had a chance to be alone with my thoughts, my books, and my fire. Surely Prometheus did a noble thing when he stole fire for us mortals. Many a brain-fagged individual would soon be all porked out if he could not doze in front of the fireplace. It is a shame the old boy had to suffer so for stealing such a tiny flame from the jealous gods. We mortals really should have a holiday for him just to let him know we appreciate his bit of thievery. Thus my thoughts seemed to be rambling on.

SCENE I.

Time—Same as above.

Place—Before a fireplace in a comfortably furnished room.

Characters—Tsme.

Father Time.

Tsme—Hark! What was that? Surely someone at the front door, but why doesn't he ring the door bell? (Get up and goes to the door.)

Tsme—Shades of the past! What do I see?

(Enter Father Time.)

Tsme—Greetings, Old Timer! What are you doing here; this isn't New Year's Eve!

Father Time—No, I know it isn't, but things are going badly where I came from and I want you to help me.

Tsme—If you just would not mind parking your grass cutter outside, I would feel more comfortable. This is no time to cut me. (Takes scythe out) * * * Well what is on your mind? By the way, let me stir up the fire. You seem to have forgotten your fur overcoat and galoshes. Evidently you come from the warmer half of Beyond the Beyond. (Stirs fire.)

Father Time (settling down)—The Shades are all disturbed. Everything seemed to be going all right until just a short time ago; everyone was happy and stayed where he belonged. But now—everything is in a tangle.

Tsme—That is funny. What caused this shake-up?

Father Time (with much perplexed expression)—I hardly know. Everything is so strange to me and my words seem so inexpressive when I try to tell about it. You see, recently some new creatures came to the Beyond the Beyond. I do not know whether they are male or female. Their hair is short. They have skirts on though, but they are very short too. However some of them do not have skirts, but wear some sort of loose apparel around their legs which fasten at their knees. Then they have voluminous coats and a queer sort of garb on their feet; black things with soft soles and noisy tops. Their jaws go incessantly, even when they are not talking, which isn't very often. I do not understand it.

Tsme—That is rather a queer combination. I don't quite understand either. Do they do anything? Snow again, old top. I don't get the drift.

Father Time—That is just what I am coming to. They do something all the time. The first ones that came were all right for a few minutes; seemed to like the music and the quietness of Beyond the Beyond. Pretty soon one of them said to one of my musicians, (I am sure this is what she said), "Say, Old Bluebeard, get some pep in that euk you're sleepin' on. Put some jazz into it."

Tsme—Ho, ho, ho!! The Flappers. So you have them there too. How do you suppose they ever got in?

Father Time—Oh, yes, the man at the gate said they looked so sweet and innocent when they looked at him that he felt sorry for them. But he was not going to let them in at first. Then one of them stroked his beard and kissed him, so he thought they surely belonged there.

Tsme—Ha, ha, ha, that is great! Vamped Saint Pete. Can you beat it? I say now tell me more about these jolly Flappers.

Father Time—Well, we all used to be content to sit around on the ethereal banks and listen to the harps. We older ones nodded away most of our time, while the younger generations strolled along the River Styx. When these—ah—Flippers—

Tsme—Flappers.

Father Time—Yes, Flappers came, they were not content to stroll along or even rest upon the airy banks. The first thing they did was to bring forth from one of the pockets of their voluminous coats a package of vari-colored and very spotted pieces of pasteboard. Calling to the older men, sitting near, they said, "Say, Old Mossbacks, cut the pack and tune



CLASS GROUPS

up for a game or two." Whereupon two Flipper Flappers sat down with the ancients and began gesticulating and throwing the pieces of pasteboard rudely on a flat stone. Pretty soon all the ancients were sitting around in groups apparently absorbed in laying down these bits of pasteboard, matching the colors and chuckling quite audibly. Such a thing never happened before. It was disgraceful. I remonstrated with them but it was useless.

Tsme—But that is quite a harmless game, Old Timer. We call it pinochle, and all the old gents here on earth play it. You ought to learn it yourself.

Father Time—I haven't time any more for such indulgences. But that is not the worst thing these horrible creatures did. They soon discovered the River Styx and the younger generation. You see you just cannot keep anything away from them. They looked at the Shades and then looked away again but all the younger generation started toward them. One of the creatures said, "Here, you guys, I'll show you how to rook that old row-boatman out of the dead men's pennies." Then they took something they called bones out of their pockets. But they looked very much to me like little white squares with black dots on their sides. Then the Flippers—

Tsme—Fl A ppers!

Father Time—Flappers would throw them down, then decide they wanted them again and would pick them up. All the time they kept saying,

"Seven, hurry up eleven,

My child needs a new pair of sandals,

And I can't supply them if I lose."

When I came around again all the young men were doing that and singing and making queer noises with their thumbs and index fingers.

Tsme—Shooting eraps. I must say you are to be congratulated on your gay young Flappers. They are there with the goods.

Father Time—But they have done more than that. It makes me feel ten centuries older to think of it. These unspeakable Flappers went back to my harpists whom I have trained these ten thousand years and said to them, oh it grieves me to think of it. They said to them, "That sounds like the tune the old cow died on." Such a gross insult. Imagine anything like that in the Beyond the Beyond. Anyway they took the harps and slapped them with their fingers so fast that you could hardly see their hands. They must be imps of the devil for everyone began to move in a sort of horizontal fashion from head to foot. As I came nearer I even found it difficult to keep a steady step and my whiskers began to curl a little at the ends. It scared me so that I made them stop.

Tsme—Ha, ha, ha! So you learned how to shimmy. You want to watch your step or they will have you down here in the Follies.

Father Time—I thought surely that would be the end of their trouble-making, so I settled down to take my centennial nap. Just as I got into my first doze one of my messengers came running up and said there was trouble in one of the schools. I went as quickly as I could. Just as I had expected, there were the Flippers—

Tsme—FLAPPERS!!

Father Time—Flappers arguing with Socrates. The conversation was:

Flapper—What do you mean by keeping these children sitting there listening to you? Let them do what they want to do; they don't want to listen to you.

Socrates—How else can I teach them?

Flapper—Listen at the Old Boy; how can he teach them? Why you dear, old, stupid, children aren't taught anymore.

Socrates—How shall they learn?

Flapper—Learn! They don't.

Socrates—Do they have teachers?

Flappers—Oh, yes, I suppose that is what you would call them. There is always someone sticking around to answer questions and to pick the stuff up that they leave laying around.

Socrates—What kind of products do the schools have?

Flappers—Look us over, Old Dear.

Socrates—Oh, Death, where is thy sting?

Father Time—All this that I have told you is the reason for my coming to see you. You must help me.

Tsme—Of course, I'll try to help you. Things are in a bad way I'll agree, but what can I do?

Father Time—I have brought one of our greatest scholars with me; Gargantua is his name. He is very used to traveling so I want you to take him with you to the schools and colleges and every place, tell him the truth about them, and explain everything to him. Then he can help us to decide whether to do as the Flappers want us to or not.

SCENE II.

*Time—Present.**Place—On Earth.**Characters—Gargantua.*

Tsme.

Students.

Children.

Various People.

Under Tsme's guidance Gargantua visits various places of amusement, such as dance halls, restaurants, and theatres. Later he visits elementary schools and colleges.

Action omitted.

SCENE III.

*Time—Present.**Place—Beyond the Beyond.**Characters—Father Time.*

Gargantua.

Flappers.

Shades.

*Setting—*Near the River Styx. Father Time and Gargantua approach, both seem to be much agitated. They are followed by the Flappers who likewise seemed much concerned about something, if one might judge by their gestures, shrugs, and querulous chatter. As the group approaches the river they are joined by many of the Shades, both ancient and recent. Socrates may be seen slowly approaching from the distance. Confusion ensues for a time. Above the noise may be heard the vociferous voices of the Flappers. Sisyphus pauses at his endless task and sits upon the stone he has been rolling these ten thousand years, to watch the disorder. He seems to be the only one in all the land who is pleased with the hub, for he knows that everyone is too much occupied to pay any attention to his respite.

Father Time (quieting the uproar)—Gargantua has returned to tell us what he has found on earth.

Flapper—I don't see why you needed to send him off to earth, we just came from there and can tell you everything you want to know and lots besides. We know the latest dope on everything.

Father Time—Will you please speak when you are spoken to? I think I know now why you are called Flappers.

Flapper—You wouldn't get much said if nobody spoke until he was spoken to.

Gargantua—I found so many queer things on earth and so many other things that I scarcely know where to begin. In the first place Tsme thought I would like to see how people entertained themselves. He took me to a place to eat. For a while I thought eating was the sole source of amusement here but I was soon disillusioned. At the farther end of the room there were a half dozen or so men playing instruments which emitted strange and fearful noises. I felt sorry for the men for they seemed to be having a hard time making the sound come forth and then when it did come the result must have been very discouraging to them. Then the real attraction came. Some girls, evidently from the Garden of Eden, came out and accompanied each blare of noise with a special contortion. I must say I was rather attracted at first, and was about to investigate at closer range but Tsme told me to stay where I was.

Father Time (to Flappers)—Do you know anything about this?

Flapper—I'll say I do; used to be there myself. Come on, we will show you what he means. (Starts to shimie, etc.)

Father Time (annoyed)—Here, here, you have done enough; we will take Gargantua's word for the rest.

Gargantua—The next place Tsme took me was to a theatre. A movie, I believe he called it. You can never imagine what those poor, benighted people call a play. We went into a dark, stuffy, air-tight, light-proof room; we sat down and I waited patiently for the drama to start. Nothing appeared except some nervous shadows moving about on the stage, I judged these to be the actors back of the curtain getting ready for the performance. Finally I could stand it no longer so I said to Tsme, "How soon will the play start?" He looked at me rather queerly and said, "Why, Old Top, it never stops; there it goes up there on the screen." And they call that a theatre and a play.

Father Time—Oh, Bacchus, bring back Euripides.

Flapper—Say! Better page Frank Tinney.

Father Time—Tell us about the schools, are they really so bad?

Gargantua—Well, yes, pretty bad. The colleges seem to be all right. I rather liked the young chaps I met there. They did not mind going to classes a bit, they told me. In fact one of them said classes were a relief after the strenuous nights he went through. From that I judged that he spent the major part of the night at his studies. Poor chaps, some of them looked tired out.

Flapper—I'll bet he never told you what he studied.

Second Flapper—Did they tell you what the Latin race was?

Gargantua—No, what is it?

Flapper—It is a race between the pony and the prof's goat.

Gargantua—I don't quite follow you. To continue, the little fellows in the grammar grades seemed to be having a good time. I asked one of them to read to me but he said he couldn't then, he was busy with his project. I watched him for a while. His project seemed to be that of filling a sieve full of sand. As I was in a hurry I did not wait for him to finish. Everyone in all the schools seemed to be having such a good time. They evidently need music to write with. I watched them one day and they had a box on legs that played whenever they wanted it to. Then they would all write furiously until it stopped. They must learn quite a lot, too, for I asked some of them one day what they knew and they said they knew everything and the price of it. At any rate they all seemed to be having one grand time, as Tsme would say. It was all very different from our school. The teacher did not ask the children any questions they did not know, and the youngsters did most of the talking. I did not hear a child give a discourse on anything. The children did not have to mind or pay attention as ours do; each child seemed to do just as he pleased.

Father Time—Well then, you would say that things are not as rosy on earth as the Flappers say. You think that the children do not have proper training and that most of the people are unenlightened.

Gargantua—Well, not quite as bad as that—but not so very good.

Father Time—Then you think we better not change up here?

Gargantua—Maybe we have been too hard on the youngsters, but otherwise, I think we better leave things as they are here. The people on earth need some of our things more than we need some of theirs. I should think it would be a great relief to get up here to peace and quiet after their noisy music, showless shows and garrulous people.

Father Time—But what will we do with the Flappers?

Gargantua—Tsme suggested that we use them to help Saint Peter. There is nothing they don't know or won't find out, so they can take the arrivals through the Beyond the Beyond and show them what a fine place it is. They can make anybody believe anything.

Father Time (to Flappers)—How would you like that? Can you make Beyond the Beyond as rosy for the newcomers as you painted the earth for us and keep them all as busy until they get accustomed to things as you have us lately? Mind though, no more of your new-fangled tricks.

Flappers—Just watch our dust!

CLASS OF 1920 Vs. CUPID

Two score and five months ago our Normal School brought forth in this fair city a new class, conceived in intelligence and dedicated to the proposition that thereafter our matrimonial chances were one to ten. Now we are engaged in a great conflict, testing whether that proposition, when applied to our class of such superior intelligence and pulchritude, can long prove true.

Forward into battle, we, the eleven graduates of this class marched, flinging high our banners, cheered and inspired by our watchword, "*Men may come.*" For a space of thirteen months, with unbroken line, we boldly advanced, successfully dodging the arrows from Cupid's ranks, and securing a fair share of the spoils of war.

Just when victory seemed most certain, we were ambushed and when the smoke of battle cleared, our ranks were depleted. Captain Gerard, no longer a Miss, was reported missing. Privates Scott and Haller were seriously wounded.

The rest of our company now seek the most exposed positions along the battle front, fearing and hoping that our names will appear on the next list of casualties.

The world will little note or remember what we say here but the teachers of the Normal School can never forget what we did there.

Though the class of 1920 may have differences of opinion on many subjects, we are one in our devotion to the Fort Wayne Normal School.

Our loyalty we pledge anew. Each added year but helps us to more fully realize that by her teaching and example, Miss Wilber has inspired in us a desire for more knowledge and higher ideals and a truer American citizenship.

To all these sentiments we subscribe,

Not one word would we blot.

Standards and ideals are prized

By Johnson, Bryson, Scott,

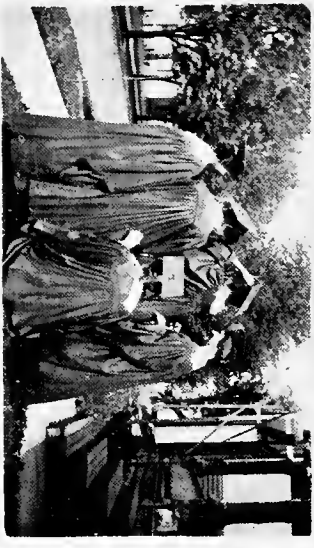
Sherbondy, Pohlmeier, Ulmer, too,

Beahler, Gerard, and Glover,

And Phipps and Haller, classmates true—

Fort Wayne Normal School—We love her.

—LAURA PHIPPS.



CLASS GROUPS

CLASS OF '15—L'ENVOI

To follow in the footsteps of the most correct writers, or reciters, one should in delivering an epilogue of this sort, carefully select as a point of departure, some proverb, or epigram which exactly fits the subject. We have listened to many such expositions, have even heard it proven, for instance, that People under the impression that are Someones, are usually Noones, while those who allow themselves to be considered Noones, are discovered by the discerning World to be the real Someones. (The particular Pretenders referred to being typified by the Class of '15, while the Shrinking Violets crept out from the sheltering portals of F. W. N. S. along about June, '16.)

However, after much unaccustomed thought, the only near epigram remembered which seems to fall a perfect fit on the broad shoulders of the Class of '15, is a geometrical axiom paraphrased perhaps out of recognition to read, "Girls equal to the same thing are equal to anything." And that was us.

We have always modestly contended, modesty being one of our chief and undoubted virtues, that 1915 was a great year for old Normal. From conscientiously initiating the before mentioned shrinking and backward sub-grads, undeterred though the air rang with "shrieks and sounds of strife unholy," to supervising the instruction of a certain learned professor of the Manual Arts in the habits of Self-control and the Rejuvenation of deflated bicycle tires—we were equal to anything. They all agreed to that.

But our Normal Days weren't all occupied in hunting up rules to break—there was of necessity some real labor attached to "working our way through Normal School" and some not so necessary, self-imposed because of the loyalty we bore our school. No longer did athletics consist of taking an active part on "apparatus day"—but basketball was the order of the day, as we tracked down gyms from end to end of the city to get in trim for the schedule quickly arranged. Never did a team have more loyal support from school and faculty—how they gloried in the victories and discounted the defeats! Basketball was not the least of the things that drew us close together, and instilled in us the strong loyalty to class school. Normal School was never a "sweat shop" for the class of '15—it was our alma mater present, and future.

And at last with what a start of dismay did we realize that the end was near, and prepare to make it a "grand finale." Other classes could be content to call it finished with a formal banquet and more formal graduating exercise—we were going to close the chapter with all the festivities of a college commencement. So we inaugurated the first "Flower Festival," and beautiful Lakeside Park formed the background for the flower-decked parade, and the games and dances attendant on the crowning of the chosen queen. Flower Festivals have been a feature of graduation each year since then, growing more pretentious and beautiful year by year. But the joy of the very first June Festival was ours.

Baccalaureate Services followed—we couldn't feel that our commencement was complete without that inspiring touch. So we decorated the church selected with our class flowers, and in caps and gowns imparted dignity to the first Baccalaureate Services of the Normal School.

It was a happy two years, but as our romancing song bird rhymed it,

"Along comes June, it breaks our heart
When eighteen Senior girls must part;
Some to their Franks and Charlies and Freds,
Howards, Donalds, Wilkies and Eds."

(With all due apologies to the author for changing the original names to correspond to the actual ones.)

And so our Normal days were ended. But the loyalty and love for the school implanted in those days of sun and shower still endure, and should the Powers that Be see fit to allow the Fort Wayne Normal School to continue, will live on, even unto the second generation of the Class of '15.

—BESSE ROWE WAGNER, '15.

CLASS OF 1918

Four years have been added to the history of the efforts of our class to reach the goal of its ambitions and ideals since graduation in June, 1918. Our Junior and Senior years were indeed prominent ones in the history of the Normal, not only in enrollment numbers but in all activities. Some of the general activities of the class included student teaching, playground supervision, Parent-Teacher Club duties, preparation of and recitation on chapters from Angell, Ellwood, Dewey, and Strayer, acquaintance with educational measurements and Simon-Binet tests. The unparalleled success of the Flower Festival and the annual banquet which was held at the Crescent Avenue Church were two noteworthy events. Anyone who saw our wonderfully fought basketball games, with their narrow margins of defeat, could not help but feel that, after all, a difference of a few points one way or the other means nothing, for even figures sometimes lie.

It was during our Senior year that the house next to the Lakeside School was purchased for the pleasure and comfort of the Normal girls. This building has contributed advantages in Normal School life which were unfortunately denied our predecessors. As a class we "pulled together" at all times, and much credit is thereby reflected upon our class officers and leaders. We never were at a loss for capable girls to serve in any capacity. Loyalty was and shall always be our standard.

At the present time, eleven of the class are teaching in the various schools of our city. Five are married. Mrs. Howard Abbott is the proud mother of a tiny daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Abbott and daughter reside in Reading, Michigan. Mrs. Albert Mason and Mrs. Willard Enslin are each rejoicing over the birth of a baby son. Could this history have been written a short time later, the number of married classmates would have been six, for our Dorothy Saviers will be leaving the ranks of pedagogues soon to enter the bonds of matrimony. Welcome to our group, Dorothy!

What fate has in store for us remains a mystery, but here is a wish for the girls of 1918—that their future may be as happy as the two years they spent at Normal.

—RUTH REEHING GUMPPER.

CLASS OF 1872

Commencement Day meant many things to the Class of 1872. Four of the number had been classmates during the High School course and a second "graduation" had lost the charm of novelty and taken on the dignity of responsibility. An innovation in dress appeared that year also. Both classes, High and Training Schools, to gratify the wishes of the Superintendent, wore light colored calico gowns and by the accessories used to soften and lighten effects, demonstrated that the ordinary white dress was the more economical of the two.

The exercises of the graduating class of the High school and those of the Training School were combined. All members of the High School class read an "essay," or pronounced an "oration," and one representative of the Training Class also read an "essay" suggestive of Woman's Work. The essay was censored by the Superintendent and the writer made what she thought a brilliant allusion to Susan B. Anthony and the "rub-a-dub of agitation" she kept up, which the Superintendent promptly cut out.

Seven of the eight members occupied positions in the schools of the city until marriage or death called. One of the number is left in the fold. Three are deceased: Rosa Bennett, Mary A. Humphrey and Florence Requa. Florida, Texas, Arkansas, Michigan are made richer by the possession of these remaining four splendidly trained women—Fannie Hassler, Ada E. Rimmel, Deborah Robertson and Carrie Solomon.

Written by MARGARET S. MCPHAIL, Class of 1872.

THE ROLL CALL OF THE 1916 CLASS

"Roll, roll, watch your form," was chanted to us so often that our initiation into the Fort Wayne Normal School was accomplished by rolling us in the coal bin. The bin is still there and we are thinking seriously of immortalizing the spot with this sign, "Why roll to music and grow warm when you can roll in a coal bin?"

Rolling was injected so early into our systems that it has become one of our most apparent capacities—Lydia Honeck is now rolling around in a Ford although our big Maltese purred that Professor Miles had had his stolen.

Mary McGuire Kocke, Dorothy Eckhardt Meyer, Helen Oren Prill and Blanche Bauer Knowlton are rolling their own.

Erma Comparet is best at a la Doebler rolling although in the last few days she as well as Clara Blondoit and Mary Zent have been rolling along on Napoleon. Napoleon is a blond horse whose rolling is of such a character that anyone having ridden the animal always prefers rolling to walking for three days after the performance.

Helen Thompson is still rolling her eyes while the male population of Washington University, St. Louis, are extracting eye lashes. When you consider that Hattie Grieder Merton and Helen Trisch Herring did not possess this trick, one wonders just how their end was gained.

Gertrude Zucker almost rolled out of our gang when she became a probation officer—Erna Tapp actually did by joining the railroad's pension list.

Georgia Bauer can still roll tones that really sound as they came from her heart—Now Bessie Cleary is still attempting the same and they still leap from her solar plexus which causes an Irish monotone that is most invigorating.

Vivian Withers rolled west one summer and they say there was one who didn't see any reason why she should roll east—in fact he blamed it all on the pension.

Now as it was in the beginning so it is in the end. Ruth Logue was our most independent roller and Mabel Bates is still our most quiet one.

—By One of the Rollers Who was Rolled and Hopes
to be Rolling for the Next Decade.



:: The :: FACULTY

DESDEMONA P. HALE

Assistant Principal
Graduate, Fort Wayne Normal School; Student University of Chicago Student Teachers' College, Columbia University; Student, Indiana University.



JOANNA TEERINK, A. B.

Director of Practice
A. B., Iowa State Teachers' College



BEULAH RINEHART, Ph. D.

Normal School, English
Training Teacher, Fifth Grade
Faculty Adviser, "Our Yesterdays"

DORIS ANDREWS
Kindergarten Assistant
Kindergarten-Primary Certificate, University
of Chicago

LAURA M. BRENN, B. S.
Training Teacher, Fourth Grade
Graduate Spearfish State Normal, South
Dakota
B. S., Teachers' College, Columbia University

MARTHA COOLEY, B. S.
Normal School, Geography and Science
Training Teacher, Geography and Science
B. S., Miami University

ESTHER ERICKSON
Training Teacher, Kindergarten
Graduate, Grand Rapids Kindergarten
Training School
Student, Teachers' College, Columbia
University
Student, University of Chicago

ADELAIDE L. FIEDLER, A. B.
Normal School, Teachers' Arithmetic
Training Teacher, Sixth Grade
A. B., Michigan State Normal College

ALICE E. HALL
Normal School, Art
Student, Purdue University
Post-Graduate, Chicago Art Institute





MABEL K. HOLLAND
 Training Teacher, First Grade
 Graduate, Fort Wayne Normal School
 Student, Teachers' College, Columbia
 University
 Student, University of Chicago
 Student, Indiana University

IDA JUANITA LONG, Ph. B.
 Training Teacher, Third Grade
 Student, University of Colorado
 Student, Kansas State Normal School
 Ph. B., University of Chicago

WILLIAM MILES
 Normal School, Music
 Student Eisteddvod in Wales, and of
 Dr. George F. Root, Thomas Tapper, Dr.
 Hollis Dann and Others

MARY K. MULLER
 Training Teacher, First Grade
 Graduate, Fort Wayne Normal School
 Student, Teachers' College, Columbia
 University
 Student, Indiana University
 Student, University of Chicago

JESSIE T. PARRY
 Training Teacher, Second Grade
 Graduate, Fort Wayne Normal School
 Student, Teachers' College, Columbia
 University
 Student, Indiana University

RENA ALLEN
 Training Teacher, Third Grade
 Graduate, New Jersey State Normal School

O. L. ROGERS, B. Ac.
Normal School, Penmanship
Student, Camerian Art College, Columbus, O.
B. Ac., Metropolitan School of Commerce
Student, Columbia and Indiana Universities

CYNTHIA S. RUGGLES, B. S.
Normal School, History
Training Teacher, Fifth Grade
Graduate, Fredonia New York State Normal
B. S., Teachers' College, Columbia University

ADELE P. SAUER
Normal School, Music
Training Teacher, Music and Art
Graduate, Fort Wayne Normal School
Student, University Extension Conservatory,
Church School of Art, Northwestern
University, Indiana University

CARRIE A. SNIVELY
Normal School, Methods of Physical
Education and Hygiene
Graduate, North American Gymnastic
Normal School

CLARA B. WILLIAMS, A. B.
Normal School, Athletics and Games
A. B., Indiana University
Student, Teachers' College, Columbia
University

ELIZABETH YOST
Training Teacher, Second Grade
Graduate, Keystone State Normal (Pa.)



PATTERSON

The Home of Har

The Store That Does Things

Tune, Yankee Doodle.

Words, Class of '18.

Oh, there are pathways in the brain,
We learned all that from Angell,
But why it's blank at spouting time
Is food for thought for an angel.
We see Miss Wilber sitting yet
A-looking at us illy,
For aye, if we had had 'nough pep,
Psych would not be so hilly.
We studied Thorndike once in a while
Betts, Dewey, Calvin and Bagley,
Till we could tell her all she asked
Bout willing,—gladly 'nd sadly.
We'll name some things that we all learned
To give you a little notion:
There's instinct, effort and impulse,
Affection and emotion.
And added to that list there are,
To drive one to perdition,
The self, perception and desire
Sensation and Cognition.
But now our Psych's are laid away,
We think of them with rev'rence,
And wonder if the Juniors e'er
Will marvel at their essence.

Tune, Comin' Thru the Rye.

Words, Class of '20.

If a Junior knew her lesson,
Would a teacher smile?
If a Junior ever studied
Could she be worth while?
Every Junior has her way
To while away the hours,
But what a difference it would make
If she spent hers like ours.
If the answer to a question
A Junior girl should know
Would the teacher e'er recover
From that awful blow?
If the Juniors could only find
Out how the Seniors work
And how because of their great minds
They have no time to shirk.
The Senior class has lots of fun,
Yet it knows how to work
And though our joys come by the ton,
Yet you can't say we shirk.
Every lesson that's assigned,
We always well prepare,
And any question that we're asked
We have the answer there

SENIORS.

Tune, "A Capital Ship."

Words, Class of 1920.

S-E-N-I-O-R-S

A Senior Class for the Normal School
Is what we try to supply,
To uphold the dignity of the school
With our best might we will try.
We toil for the Fort Wayne Normal School
Each lass or as a class.
We study our lessons with a will
That none can e'er surpass.
Then Senior girls, heigh-o,
A teaching we will go;
We'll come no more to Fort Wayne Normal
For we shall teach in the fall.
We'll go to test our skill
And win, you bet we will;
We'll bring our trophies to the Normal School
Where we learned the golden rule.

FLETCHER CO.

Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Wayne and Harrison Streets

Tune, Smiles.

Words, Class of '20.

Teachers, you must know
Just what makes us act up so,
'Tis not treason, here's our reason—
'Tis Psychology.
Teachers, all in vain,
We have learned about the brain,
Talked about imagination,
Things we can't explain.

CHORUS.

There are girls who go to college,
There are girls who hunt a man,
There are girls who enter matrimony
And take life as easy as they can.
There are girls who have no life's ambition,
Who forever act the clinging vine,
But the Juniors of the Fort Wayne Normal
Are the girls who are superfine.

Seniors, don't be snobs,
Imbibe culture in great gobs,
Better heed it, you will need it
When you get your jobs.
Capture all new fads,
Please the Mothers and the Dads,
Supervisors make us wiser,
To your knowledge adds.

CHORUS.

There are jobs that make you famous,
There are jobs that make you tired,
There are jobs that steal your youth and beauty,
That make you happy when you're tired.
There are jobs that pay a wondrous salary,
There are ones that come to you in dreams,
But the jobs that're coming to the Seniors
Will make life diff'rent than it seems.

Tune, "Love Nest"

We are Seniors, happy and gay,
Laughing, dancing, day by day.
To the Normal School we come in rain or shine
For if we don't we know we'll have to pay a fine.
Education is our aim, concentration is our name,
Senior-teaching has been done with lots of fun,
We are Seniors, '21.

Tune, Coming Thru the Rye.

Words, Class of '15

If an axone meet a neurone in Psychology,
If these two things make a tho't,
Is that ought to me?
Every neurone has its axone
That is plain to see,
And what on earth's the use of learning
What we know must be?
If some instincts meet together
In this world of woe,
And they make man's capacity
Faith—it may be so,
But when this is put to a poor Senior
How and why they do,
'Tis hard lines—tho it seems so plain
To all who chance to know.

POEM

Words, Class of '18.

Our kitchen is heatless,
Our dining room seatless,
Our study room restless,
But why should we care?
We Seniors are tameless,
The Juniors are brainless
The whole house is aimless
We're up in the air.
Our bathroom is lightless,
Our wardrobe is sightless,
Our work it is rightless,
We have not a rule.
We girls are mateless,
Our nights they are dateless,
Our speed it is rateless,
We're a Hooverized school.
Our books they are readless,
Our days they are deedless,
Our teachers are needless,
Our council is headless
Our bedrooms are bedless,
The whole bunch is deadless,
We've plenty to do
Our stockings are darnless,
Our clocks are alarmless
Our make-up is harmless,
We try to keep cool.
Our seats they are sitless,
Our yarn it is knitless,
We girls are jitless,
We're a Hooverized school.

CLASS of '22

CLASS SONGS

"THE SHEIK"

We're the class of '22
 And to our school we're true.
 At night when you're asleep
 We're wrapped in study deep.
 And this one thing we know,
 We're smarter than we show;
 But now we're going to say adieu
 The Class of '22.

"TELL ME, LITTLE GIPSY."

Tell me, little Gipsy,
 What the future holds for me;
 When I am a teacher
 How will the children be?
 Tell me, will the principal
 Be as nice as Flora B.?
 There's a school for every teacher in the world
 There must be some school for me.

"AIN'T WE GOT FUN?"

Junior Class of Fort Wayne Normal,
 Ain't we got fun?
 Would be teachers here before you
 Ain't we got fun?
 We're getting wiser, and wiser each day,
 Still we conceal it, least that's what they say.
 In the morning, in the evening
 Ain't we got fun?
 Though the Seniors are departing
 Ain't we got fun?
 There's one thing surer
 As times get better, grades get poorer.
 In the meantime, in between times
 Ain't we got fun?

"OH BY JINGO"

Oh, you Class of Nineteen twenty-two,
 Oh, you Juniors wearing orange and blue,
 We have come to Normal School
 To learn how to use the rule
 On a lot of little prankish pupils,
 And we'll not have any scruples.
 Lessons may be heard and sessions long
 But we'll never leave the dance and song.
 And we'll all end up old maids, they say,
 So shout, Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurroo,
 Oh, you Class of Nineteen twenty-two.

"FORT WAYNE NORMAL BLUES"

We've got the blues, we've got the blues,
 We've got the Fort Wayne Normal blues,
 Education, concentration makes you hate the whole blamed nation
 So long dancing, so long men,
 Tell us when you're coming back again.
 We've got the blues, we've got the blues,
 We've got the Fort Wayne Normal blues,
 Evolution, gym, and art seem to try to break my heart.
 We've got the Fort Wayne Normal Blues.
 Some blues!

CHELLA MARIE ALLMON
 Assembly Committee, Junior Year
 Class History Committee "Our Yesterdays"

MARY EUNICE EATON
 Junior Play
 Social Committee, Senior Year
 Chairman Class History Committee, "Our
 Yesterdays"
 Banquet Speaker, '22

HELEN DOROTHY GRIFFITH
 Social Committee, Senior Year
 Class History Committee, "Our Yesterdays"
 Normal School Quartet

HELEN RUTH HENSCHEN
 Student, Indiana University

VELMA EMILY HOLT
 Junior Play
 Assembly Committee, Senior Year
 Treasurer, Senior Year
 Business Committee, "Our Yesterdays"

HELEN GLADYS KARNS
 Student, University of Chicago and Indiana
 University





GRACE ELIZABETH LONGSWORTH
 Assembly Committee, Junior Year
 Student Council, Senior Year
 Normal School Quartet
 Literary Committee, "Our Yesterdays"

DOROTHY MITCHELL
 Class Treasurer, Junior Year
 Business Manager, "Our Yesterdays"
 Class President, Senior Year

MARTHA PAULINE MORE
 Assembly Committee, Junior Year
 Junior Play
 Social Committee, Junior Year
 History Committee, "Our Yesterdays"

OLIVE MARJORIE OSBORN
 Taylor University, One Year
 Normal School, Senior Year
 Chairman Literary Committee, "Our
 Yesterdays"

HELEN KATHERINE RAPP
 Junior Play
 Assembly Committee, Senior Year
 Captain Basketball Team, Senior Year
 Editor-in-Chief, "Our Yesterdays"
 Queen, Flower Festival, 1922

FLORENCE MARGARET ROHRER
 Business Committee, "Our Yesterdays"

HENRIETTA BARBARA ROSS
Normal School Quartet
Class History Committee, "Our Yesterdays"

HELEN NORTH SCOTT
Class President, Junior Year
Junior Play
Chairman History Committee, "Our
Yesterdays"
Banquet Speaker, '22

RAMONA JUNE SMITH
Indiana University, Two Years
Normal School, Senior Year
Assembly Committee, Senior Year
Business Committee, "Our Yesterdays"

RUTH IZELLAH TUCKER
Student Council, Junior Year
Social Committee, Senior Year
Business Committee, "Our Yesterdays"

FAITH ATHALYN WAGNER
Student Council, Senior Year
Normal School Quartet
History Committee, "Our Yesterdays"

RUTH ALICE WHITTERN
Assembly Committee, Senior Year
Literary Committee, "Our Yesterdays"



CLASS HISTORY

On September 8, 1920, eighteen wondering, expecting, hoping and fearing girls were greeted from the porch of the Normal School by the Seniors and shown into their future habitation. To make a good impression on the Juniors, the Seniors passed out long candy sticks purchased at Redding's. The plaster, excited no doubt by the importance of the occasion, decided to fall, selecting for its victim an illustrious Junior, Bertha Welch. With these greetings, the fun began for the little Juniors, and they've had it ever since.

After a short time at Normal, the Juniors became efficient in baking potatoes, washing dishes in cold water and drying them on curtains, middies, or any other available article. Perhaps this type of housekeeping did not appeal to their tastes, or perhaps there were other reasons—but before the first week had passed the class lost two of its members. The rest of us, however, were determined to "stick it out" even after a severe initiation by the Seniors.

On a memorable Friday in October a prominent member of our class was mysteriously absent. The reader will bear this in mind for we shall find the cause later on.

It became a Friday afternoon custom to buy sugar with money forfeited to the "Bad English" box, to make candy and to eat it in class. One noon when the Juniors returned to the pantry for the candy, they found the door locked. Of course, all of the Seniors were innocent and sympathetic. Finally, after throwing chairs and various articles of furniture at the door, the candy was rescued—and the lips of the Juniors smacked loudly in English class.

How proudly the Juniors look back to National Education Week when, in various ways, they performed in Rurode's window. And after that, what? Seven little Juniors strolled down to Madame Wing's where their future was laid bare.

The holidays came and went, and the next event of the winter was a Valentine party given by the Seniors. Days were filled with work and play, and soon the winter term was over. With the opening of the spring term came the beginning of a number of interesting and profitable excursions taken in connection with our work in Economic Geography. Among the places visited were the Mayflower Mills, Eckart's Packing House, the General Electric plant, the Wayne Knitting Mills and the Bass Farm. Can we ever forget our trip to the Bass Farm? Fourteen of us in two machines arrived there at six o'clock on a lovely Saturday morning. We spent fully two hours, seeing and learning many new and interesting things. How we laughed at some of the questions asked by girls who had always lived in the city! But the day was yet young, so we "embarked" once more. We ate our big picnic lunch at 8:30 A. M. and then drove on to Arcola. There we obtained a scenic postal card—we sent it to Miss Wilber.

As the days became too warm for basketball practice, the time came for us to make our strenuous preparation for the Flower Festival.

"In the sun we got so hot,
We danced and danced till we almost dropt,
On the grass we often flopt,
But I'll tell you, we never stopt."

—M. E. E.

At last the great day arrived. Oh, the breathless moment just before the procession started for the park! When everyone's heart was pounding, Miss Lane announced in a calm tone, "Well, Betty, you're queen."

On the day following we attended baccalaureate services held at St. John's Reformed church. Rev. W. C. Beckmann gave the address.

Our busy days were not yet over. On June 9, the Juniors spent a day of labor beautifying the Wolf & Dessauer auditorium for the banquet. The Seniors, who were the honored guests of the Juniors, the Faculty, and more than a hundred of the Alumnae attended the banquet. Class songs were sung by both classes during the courses. Miss Wilber was toastmistress to whom Superintendent Ward and Mr. Price responded. Then Charlotte O'Connell, who was valedictorian, gave a toast on "The Old and the New." Under the direction of Miss Porterfield the Juniors presented a fantasy, "The Chinese Nightingale."

The cast was:

Chang, a Laundryman and Dreamer.....	Helen Rapp
The God Joss.....	Martha More
The Nightingale.....	Velma Holt
The Princess.....	Helen Scott

The characters pantomimed the poem which was chanted by Mary Eunice Eaton and to which soft and modulated strains were played by Ruth Matthews at the piano. A beautiful stage setting and lovely costumes added to the success of the affair.

Commencement exercises were held the next evening in the High School Auditorium. Dr. Black gave the principal address, and several musical numbers were given by the Normal School chorus under the direction of Mr. Miles.

The last shock to the Juniors was received at a reception at the home of a member of their class. Mention was made of a mysterious absence. The marriage license of Bertha Welch and Merl Cox bore the date on which the mysterious absence occurred.

On September 8 we were back again with a new name. We had almost an entirely new staff of teachers with whom to get acquainted, but no Juniors to initiate.

Do you remember how several faces and pairs of hands soon bore a peculiar rashy appearance caused by gathering precious weeds for our note books? And can't you still smell the chloroform with which we put an end to many a caterpillar, cricket, butterfly and moth? Then came the three days which the teachers spent at Indianapolis. I think everybody spent that so-called vacation tripping over the green with a butterfly net raised high in one hand, while passersby looked at them with an "Are you all there?" look.

Suddenly the Seniors became most industrious; reading current magazines every spare moment, working at the library on Saturday, and continually taking notes. At last the reason for all this work was discovered, when, on Assembly Day, they, with the help of Miss Ruggles, presented a dramatization of the Washington Conference. The various girls in the class represented the different countries and presented the arguments of the respective countries. With such an appreciative audience as the teachers, the Seniors felt repaid for their efforts.

Great preparations were made for the parade on Armistice Day, and then it rained. The Seniors could hardly recover from their disappointment.

Now our half-day teaching began. This was a period when all work and no play made the Seniors bright girls. The Christmas party and the holiday vacation made a gay break in the work, but after that we started on the journey once more. According to pedometers worn by the girls, each one walked from 2,000 to 3,000 miles, going back and forth from Training School to Normal School and from Normal School to Training School for teaching and conferences.

Do you remember the day when Monroe could not be found? Oh, the anxiety and search, and oh, the rejoicing when the dear thing was in its place once more.

Don't say that Miss Wilber doesn't know how to use preventive discipline. She left us to go to Chicago for a week, but she assigned us a psychology paper to be written during her absence. Let me tell you there was not a murmur in the library all week—until Friday, and then the spell was broken. No wonder. Miss Wilber sent a telegram saying that we might be excused to go to the Basketball Tournament.

March 10, the Senior teaching was over. With sad faces the Seniors made their way from the Training School knowing that they could nevermore go back there to teach.

In a "short" meeting in March, the teachers elected Helen Rapp to be editor-in-chief of the Annual. The staff consists of Marjorie Osborn, Helen Scott, Dorothy Mitchell and Mary Eunice Eaton. Miss Rinehart is our Faculty Advisor.

Once more and for the last time, we began to practice for the Flower Festival. The remainder of our history will remain incomplete, for these pages go to press before the term ends. However, the Flower Festival will be the largest and most elaborate one ever given. It will depict the four epochs in the evolution of woman from the time she was a slave to her present standing as an educated woman. About fifty alumnae will help us present this pageant. Because of an emergency, precedent has been broken regarding the time of choosing a queen and Helen Rapp has already been chosen.

On Sunday, June 4, the Baccalaureate Service will be held at the First Baptist church. Rev. Strachan will be the speaker. On June 9, the Alumnae banquet will be held at Wolf & Dessauer's. Commencement will be held in the High School Auditorium on June 10. Dr. Courtis of Detroit will give the address, and the Seniors will again sing in chorus.

If the life of the Normal must go out, we are going to make it go out with a flourish.

HENRIETTA ROSS AND MARY EUNICE EATON.

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Helen Scott making a B?
Miss Andrews acting dignified?
Keeping a secret from Dorothy Mitchell?
The Normal running without Helen Rapp?
Grace Longworth playing basketball?
Henrietta Ross missing a good joke?
Miss Holland without a project?
Martha More attentive in class?
Mary Eunice Eaton not posing?
Ramona Smith with light curly hair?
Ruth Whittern with a wisdom tooth?
Dorothy Griffith with the blues?
Miss Snively in an evening gown?
Miss Fiedler teaching kindergarten?
Faith Wagner leaving her fortune to the Normal?

Miss Williams out of sorts?
Velma Holt without a date?
Miss Zent without car puffs?
Miss Wilber in French heels?
Miss Ruggles without notes?
Miss Teerink taking advice?
Miss Rinehart being cross?
Chella Allmon talking fast?
Ruth Tucker with a man?
Miss Erickson intruding?
Miss Parry in a middy?
Miss Muller not talking?
Miss Hale without style?
Miss Cooley in knickers?
Miss Long with a man?

OUR PARTIES

Just one short month after the opening of school, the Seniors invited us to a hard-times party. Invitations read, "Dress accordingly." We did—and imagine our surprise and embarrassment when we were obliged to meet the Faculty and the Seniors—dressed as if for a ball! Oh fatal day—we were initiated into the Normal School in a most horrible fashion. We survived the eating of hamburger and onion sandwiches, and after games, and dancing and the enjoyment of dainty refreshments, we decided to give the Seniors another chance.

On February 18 the Seniors again invited us to a party. Will the Seniors ever forget how well we were represented there that night? As most of us had previous engagements, we just got to hear that the alumnae were the honor guests and that the hostesses served French pastry. We were sorry, the Seniors forgiving, and our friendship remained unbroken.

By April we had gained enough of class strength and material possessions to undertake the entertainment of the Seniors and Faculty. The fun started with the very first game—no before that, for didn't we have to visit the park in search of decorative equipment? But to come back to the first game—we divided ourselves into two equal groups, and with the help of the alphabet printed on cards, we managed to spell a number of words as difficult as "term," "party," and "month." The losers in this unique spelling match entertained the winners with a very suggestive stunt. A lace curtain from the library and a basket of flowers from the piano were thrust upon Bertha May and to the melody of "Here Comes the Bride" she was forced to lead a procession around and around the room. We thought the joke was on Berthy. How did we know she had been married since October?

Autumn brought cool evenings when marshmallow and wiener bakes are popular. Lakeside Park was the scene of one after-school party, which we gave for the Faculty. Don't you remember how we played "Streets and Alleys," and "Dodge Ball"? And didn't the crowd of thirty-one make short work of the food? A bake just for the Seniors was given at Henrietta Ross' home. Oh but it was cold that night!

Then the time came for us to give our party for the alumnae. We are agreed that the outstanding feature of the evening's entertainment was an impromptu rehearsal. After a number of innocent teachers and alumnae were given their places on the stage, the name of the play was announced—"The Gathering of the Nuts." Perhaps you wouldn't have laughed at the expression on their faces!

Our Christmas party for the Faculty was most enjoyable. Best of all we liked the "gift exchange." How we laughed when Rappy received from Miss Wilber everything she asked for—"a silk kimono, a diamond ring, a traveler's bag, a set of books and a cedar chest."

Two Friday evenings in February stand out in our history. The first was the Kid Party at Faith Wagner's home. Of course, it was hard to tell who looked the cutest, and who performed best in our vaudeville program. Then there was the dinner party given us by the Faculty. We'll have to admit it was the best ever. We wonder if Miss Hale still "crows," if Miss Yost and Miss Ruggles still "caw" and if Miss Brenn still "hee-haws." Remember?

Late in the spring we had a lovely party at the home of Dorothy Mitchell. And the very next week we were summoned to the home of Helen Rapp. The sudden arrival of our old friend Ruth Matthews, just for the night, gave us an opportunity to see her once more, or at least to hear her, for those of us who could not come talked with her on the 'phone.

We thought this might be the last of our parties, but the other day we heard the rumor that the Faculty was planning something. Perhaps it's for us, and then we'll have to tell it to you another time.

—HELEN RAPP.

WHY TEACHERS HAVE NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS

"My inkwell's dry."
 "May I leave the room?"
 "My pencil is broken."
 "I haven't any paper."
 "John is pulling my hair."

"Shall we put on our gyms?"
 "My shoe string's in a knot."
 "Is this all right?"
 "Are we going outdoors today?"
 "May I get a drink?"

—:—:—

Miss Brenn (before a music lesson)—"Sam, will you bring me my pitch-fork?"
 N. B.—Miss Brenn hails from a North Dakota ranch.

—:—:—

AT THE FEEBLE-MINDED HOME

M. E. Eaton—"I should like to know the qualifications for admittance to your institution."

CLASS PROPHECY

In these years since 1930 what wonders have not been wrought in the field of science. It is one of these wonders of science that I am indebted for a great deal of pleasure. A friend of mine, Chella Allmon, had been working for years in her psycho-analytical laboratory trying to accomplish something, I knew not what. She came to me one day and told me that she was now able by tests which she had standardized after years of research to determine the relative force of thoughts passing through the human brain. Moreover she was sometimes able to project the dominant mental action through time and space into some supreme form of realization. Homesickness occasioned by long years of absence from Fort Wayne and the sudden appearance of my friend, made me rash. I asked her to prove her power by demonstrating on me. Without consciously removing myself from the room, I began recognizing places which I knew as a girl.

There was the church on Washington street. A woman was at the door shaking hands with the members of the congregation as they came out of the door. Her face looked strangely familiar. I asked Chella if she knew who she was. She replied, "Yes, her name used to be Dorothy Mitchell." Then I heard the woman ask someone a question, and I knew immediately that it was Dorothy. So Jerome was a minister!

For a moment there was a blur before my eyes. As it cleared I saw a large new building in a poor section of the city. "And what is this?" I asked. "Fort Wayne's new settlement house," replied Chella. "One minute and you will be inside. Watch carefully, you may see someone whom you know." Inside I noticed a door standing open on which were the words "Superintendent's Office." Whom do you suppose I saw seated at the desk? Martha More! She had time for only a word of greeting, but a glance about the place told me how bravely she was working to right the wrongs of society.

The vision faded and I found myself in the hall of the new North Side High School. Coming toward me was a woman who stepped along with poise and dignity. "This is the principal," murmured Chella. "Look carefully, do you know her?" She swung past me, then turned around, and called my name. When she smiled, I knew her. "Well, Florence Rohrer, do show me around your school." She explained to me that the school included all the grades from the primary through High School. She opened the door of a room and motioned to me to go in. The room was filled with visitors observing a demonstration lesson. Afterward a supervisor talked to the visitors about the fine way in which the lesson had been presented. However, I did not hear what she said, for I was wondering why Florence had slipped me into this particular room without making any comment. My question was answered the next minute when I was aroused from my reverie at hearing the supervisor say, "I hope you will come to observe Miss Tucker whenever you have a chance, for she is doing some very fine work." So she wasn't an understudy to Miss Holland for nothing!

I found myself in a richly furnished drawing room. I could scarcely move my lips, but I managed to whisper, "Where am I?" A woman pushed aside the portieres and came toward me. At the same time I heard Chella's voice saying faintly, "Think and you will remember her." Slowly the features and movements seemed to become familiar. Then at the sound of her voice, I knew her. "Ramona Smith," I gasped, "To think I should see you since you are a famous authoress." After modestly changing the subject, she invited me to have tea with her. On the table I noticed some of her books which you may have read: "My Four Years in School Teaching" and "From the Basement to the Drawing Room or the Poisoned Potato."

Again the scene was changed. I was in the midst of a public meeting. A woman was speaking on "How We Should Raise Our Children." I said, "I do not know who this is." "Listen to her carefully," I could hear Chella saying, "If you do not know her when she has finished speaking, I will tell you." Who could she be? She had finished talking. My mind was still a blank concerning her identity. I heard Chella's voice, "It is Faith Wagner." Immediately I went to speak to her. I said, "I suppose you got your ideas on children from your teaching." She replied, "Yes, and too, I got some ideas on the subject from my own six." Would you have believed it?

The next thing that flashed before my eyes was a Calhoun street window on which was printed the words: "M. Osborn—Matrimonial Agency." In one minute I found myself inside the building in Marjorie's private office. I expressed my surprise at finding her in this business and asked her how she happened to do such a thing. She said she got the idea while in Normal. She wished she might do something for her class mates and had tried in this way to accomplish her wish. She was certainly carrying on a prosperous business. I wondered how many of the girls had patronized her, but I could not ask her to betray her professional secrets.

Again the scenes shifted. I was in front of a farmhouse. In every direction I could see chickens, white chickens. A woman came out of the house. As we talked she seemed more and more familiar to me. When she laughed, I knew her. It was little Ruth Whittern, really and truly grown up. "But what of the teaching profession?" I asked her. She had deserted it, she told me, for a man, a mere man, and a flock of chickens.

Whom should I see next? Although the process was wearing, I could scarcely wait to see the other girls. What would they be doing?

Suddenly everything was black before my eyes; there was a terrific roaring in my ears; my head was swimming. I screamed in terror. "Everything will be all right in a minute," said Chella. "You are making a change. The next people you see will be in New York."

My vision was clear again, the roaring had ceased. Before my eyes flashed the name Velma Holt on a large Broadway sign. The next moment I found myself inside the theatre. On the stage was Velma swaying gracefully to and fro in a beautiful dance. This was her twenty-fifth night and the audience was mad over her.

I found myself in Greenwich Village. In a studio I saw Helen Scott working at a canvass on which the outline was peculiar. (Modern art, I supposed). Her hair was bobbed and had mysteriously turned to a reddish shade that was most becoming. Who would have thought that Helen would have ended here?

With haste that made me feverish I passed from scene to scene. I was in a fine play house. For years I had not heard any music so beautiful. Although pipe organ music is much different from piano music, there seemed something so familiar about the touch of the keys. And no wonder, for as I glanced at my program I read, "Miss Henrietta Ross at the Organ." Then I recalled the old Normal days when she used to play all the music popular and classical that she knew as we danced and sang or listened. The dream of her life had come true for she was a renowned musician.

As the scene changed again I found myself in the opera. I sat enraptured with the prima donna's singing. At the end of the first song, I realized that she was none other than Dorothy Griffith. I sent my card back and was told that I might see her. When the maid opened the door of the dressing room, the girl who greeted me was the same old Dorothy. We did not have long to talk. However she told me that she was going to give this all up in a few weeks for the "Doctor" had waited much longer now that he wanted to.

Now my vision rested for a moment in a beautiful home. In a living room I saw a woman reading to four children. I could hear Chella's voice saying, "It is Grace Longsworth." "But the children?" I asked. "They are orphans," said Chella. Oh, the sociology lectures were not wasted.

I heard a buzzing sound which gave me a peculiar thrill. Chella, seeming to know my feelings, said, "This comes before you see one who is famous." In a vast assemblage of people a man was introducing a well-known woman, the International Secretary of Education. The audience was silent as the woman rose to speak. Last but not least I had seen Helen Rapp.

The lines of the play which I was learning demanded attention. The force of my mental yearning had spent itself. Chella laughingly announced that my mental project was ended.

—MARY EUNICE EATON.

BASKET BALL

The reader who has thus far perused our little volume, may wonder if we have in two long years entirely neglected to re-create our bodies as well as our minds. May we answer with an emphatic, "Nay." We leave behind us no such reputation as did the class team of '15, but we carry with us memories of many a happy afternoon when we played for all there was in it, and then trudged wearily home to an evening of study. During our Junior year there were several match games, the Alumnae and the Lincoln Life being among our opponents. As Seniors we were not so fortunate. Our small enrollment as a first hindrance and disability of several girls as a second, left us a very limited number from which to "work up" a team. Therefore we contented ourselves with practice games. But help came from an unexpected source. What was our surprise when after a spirited Captain Ball game in which we were the victors, the Faculty made known their intentions of organizing a basket ball team. And thus it came about that every Wednesday, and frequently on Friday, the gymnasium was the scene of a heated contest in which "hand and brain went ever paired." How we did enjoy those games! Those who were not among the players were often among the rooters, and we are sure that several times Mr. Mason and Mr. Clear peeped in "just to see how the game was going." Rapp and Andrews made the scrappiest little centers that ever donned the middy and bloomers. Little Ruthie Whittern managed to put the ball in no matter which of the dear teachers guarded her, though she said more than once that Miss Cooley "stuck like glue." Would space permit, we could go on indefinitely telling what we owe to this one and that one for her part in the game—but we'll say just this, "It all goes back to the patient effort and never-ending enthusiasm of our coach, Miss Williams!"

—:—:—

Miss Ruggles—"I never attended a picture show until I was 25 years old."

Ramona—"There probably were none before that."

THE CLASS-ROOM CLOCK

What sorrow this Normal School clock has caused! The hands creep, the pendulum crawls, and one can count to ten between the ticks. In the embarrassing pause which follows a call for a volunteer to answer some question these same ticks sound like the beats of a drum. They are so insistent that they even become entangled with one's thoughts and the worn and wearied student who is living for the end of the period must think to the rhythm of the beats.

The placement of the clock only adds to this misery, for about one-half of the class must turn and twist to gain even the approximate time. First one girl and then another slips her desk forward, slides to the edge of the seat, firmly grasps two corners of the desk in order that she may not fall, twists her neck, and casts her eyes heavenward until she can see the time. How often the hands appear to be five minutes ahead. Then the girls are scolded because they fuss and fret the last five minutes of the period. One day to avoid this bad last five minutes, the clock was set ahead. The teacher came in, looked at the clock, looked at her watch, scowled, and said, "This clock does not agree either with my watch or the other clocks. This class will be timed by my watch." Even doctoring would not make our ancient time piece more bearable.

What a shock it would be to discover just once that the time by this clock coincided with that of the other clocks. How often the little story, "But by the clock downstairs it is not yet time for class," is given. Only too often it is not accepted and the girls mark themselves tardy on the chart.

But after all this clock has also marked the minutes of the parties, vacant hours, and the intervals between classes, and at these times we were only too glad to have it stretch the time. And what teacher could have been more patient, more systematic, more persistent in discipline than the one who teaches us that time passes. Even though our poor clock has had no rest for many years it has always managed to keep its ticking loud and cheerful. Since it has given us pleasure and discipline as well as sorrow, let us not leave the school without an expression of the gratitude which is due.

—MARTHA MORE, Class of '22.

AS OTHERS SEE US

NAME.	FAVORITE SAYING.	CHIEF OCCUPATION.	AMBITION.
Miss Andrews.....	Coming, Helen?.....	Selecting her diet....	To make a basket.
Miss Brenn.....	Suppose—	Holding conferences..	To grow shorter.
Miss Cooley.....	I couldn't be sure about that—	Collecting data.....	To keep healthy.
Miss Erickson.....	Now let me tell you, girls—	Having operations....	To own a Checker-Cab.
Miss Hall.....	Now, young ladies—.		
Miss Hale.....	Stop that!!!.....	Censoring pictures...	To stay young.
Miss Holland.....	Really, you don't mean it—	Dodge-ing	To demonstrate.
Miss Fiedler.....	No, indeed!!!.....	Correcting tablets...	To speak French fluently.
Miss Long.....	All right!.....	Making flash sen- tences	To increase eyespan.
Miss Muller.....	Now, isn't that fine?..	Fishing for compli- ments	To find her "good workers."
Mr. Miles.....	Jazz! Bah!		
Miss Parry.....	Is that so?.....	Missing street cars...	To train students to co- operate.
Miss Rinehart.....	The fact of the mat- ter is—	Supporting the staff..	To make genius burn
Miss Ruggles.....	Oh, what word do I want?	Making diagrams....	To lose her Puritan con- science.
Mr. Rogers.....	I, 2, Swing Swing!		
Miss Sauer.....	Say, you don't sup- pose—	Beating time.....	To abolish Jazz.
Miss Teerink.....	Now, then—	Being natural	To get thin.
Miss Snively.....	Don't you know—....	Making footprints...	To find a shoe with a flex- ible shank.
Miss Wilber.....	I've an announcement to make—.....	Hunting books.....	To reduce everything to measurements.
Miss Williams.....	Off your feet!.....	Enjoying life.....	To make each festival the best.
Miss Yost.....	I think so too.....	Having dates.....	To reduce.

REMINISCENCES OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL

Let's slip back to school this afternoon and take one more look around the building. We can get back in time to get ready for the Commencement Exercises. Do you remember how disappointed some of us were when we saw this dingy old building for the first time? But now, how we hate to leave it—this place where we have been happy and sad; where we have laughed and wept; where we have been praised and rebuked, disappointed and overjoyed; where our teachers have seemed like alternating dragons and angels, and our tasks hard and boresome.

The lawn on the west side recalls unending practice for the Flower Festival on our Junior year. It was very hard to make those dances correct. Near that tree is the place where we sat in the grape pop, that the Seniors poured on the grass. On the other side of the walk, we often had Composition Class, when it was too hot indoors. Oh, those miserable attempts at composition! Do you remember our amusement when one read: "The men emptied their contents into large barrels"?

Here on the front porch we always stationed a look-out for teachers when some unapproved act was being committed inside. To the office on the left, unwashed dishes and pans often mysteriously found their way. A note usually appeared just as mysteriously on the board, as follows: "Call for dishes and pans in the office." F. W. Then the poor student, to whom the offending utensils belonged, was compelled to put on a bold face, approach Miss Wilber penitently, say: "Those are my dishes," and wait for the inevitable lecture.

Hush! we are approaching the library where silence forever reigns, but where Miss Wilber must keep watchful vigil to make it so reign. Here most of the assemblies have been held. Here the "Jazz Baby" was performed in our second Junior Assembly. Oh, the blissful ignorance of Juniors! Here also did we wring our hands in despair and agony when the speaker for our third Assembly did not arrive and we could have no program.

Now we come to the kitchen. The first sight of the place suggests the K. P. duty we performed so faithfully each day. I can still hear someone shouting, "It's your day to clean the kitchen." How quickly we learned to arrange the cupboard so that the left-over food and dirty dishes would not show. There in the pantry are the "jiggly" little folding tables which aided so much in spilling cocoa and soup over their mistresses and neighboring objects.

We shall go up the back stairs, for they are used most frequently. Little balls of fuzz and dirt play hide-and-seek in the corners of the steps. At our left, we find the rest-room—a tiny place strewn with soiled middies and orphan gym shoes. In the corner we see the little brown cot, which has so amiably served students who preferred headaches to attending class. This is the room in which we hid one day when Miss Snively was more than ten minutes late for class. Do you remember the consequences? That horrid test!

Our class-room could probably tell more stories about us than any other room. Here we have undergone recitations, examinations, and lectures. Here we have transacted our business, told jokes, and made vain attempts to study, when certain members refused to work "for the good of the group." There on the teacher's desk by the window, Miss Wilber explained the mysteries and wonders of the brains of students who are fortunate enough to have those unusable articles.

The science room just across the hall, has been inhabited at various times by ants, fish, snails, frogs, toads, caterpillars, moths, butterflies, and their kindred. Wasn't it fun to stick pins through the beautiful moths and butterflies, and mount them, but horrors, the caterpillars and cabbage-worms! In this same science-room we locked the contrary culprits who refused to join the "I don't knows," and recited in Miss Ruggles' special History class.

Here we are at the front stairs. On these steps we used to sit when it was too noisy to study elsewhere. But, be still! We are coming near the office. Tread softly, and close the door with care.

—RUTH A. WHITTEN.

—:—:—
Miss Ruggles—"Miss Eaton, who was the Queen of France?"
Mary Eunice—"I suppose she was the king's wife."

—:—:—
Florence—"Hazel lives at the Nine Mile stop on the Bluffton road."
Ruth W.—"How far is that?"

—:—:—
Chella—"Congrats, Rapp, your test went off like clock-work."
Helen R.—"Well, it was a time-test."

—:—:—
Pupil—"Teacher, can anyone be punished for something he didn't do?"
Miss Fiedler—"Why, no, of course not."
Pupil—"Well, I haven't done my arithmetic."

CLASS WILL

We, the Seniors of twenty-two, being about to leave this sphere in full possession of unsound mind, good forgettery, and misunderstanding, do make and publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking and declaring void all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

First, we do direct that our funeral services shall be conducted in the rest-room by our friends and well wishers, the Faculty, only enjoining that the funeral be carried on with all the dignity and pomp our situation in Normal School has merited.

As to such estate as it has pleased the fates to give us, we do disposed of the same as follows:

Item 1. To Mr. Mason we do bequeath our abundant supply of immaculate dish towels as well as our extensive culinary outfit.

Item 2. To Mr. Clear, the broom, the kitchen tables, the oilcloth on the pantry shelves, the Haviland and the silver, providing Mr. Clear takes unto himself a wife educated in the art of caring for such costly mealtime service.

Item 3. To Miss Cynthia Ruggles we do bequeath our house and lot on Rivermet Avenue to be used as a Methodist Orphan Asylum. The following provision is herein made for the administration and transfer of the institution:

1. Henrietta Ross shall be duly installed as laundress and general supervisor.
2. Martha More shall be engaged as chief cook, janitress and trustee of the asylum.
3. Should Matron Ruggles enter into any state other than that of single blessedness, the estate will devolve upon the one next in line, namely, Elzie Redding. His share shall be further increased by reinstating him as owner of the milk bottles which have accumulated in the past two years.

Item 4. Our over emphasized Senior dignity shall be equally divided between Miss Adelaide Fiedler and Miss Mary Katherine Muller. Miss Fiedler shall further be given the entire crop of strawberries and onion tops which the garden shall yield in the next two years.

Item 5. Velma Holt bequeaths the exclusive use of the Normal School telephone between 12:00 M. and 1:00 P. M. to Desdemona Phoebe Hale, providing she uses said telephone only in transaction of very important matters of heart as has been the habit of the donor. Due caution must here be given, namely, that the mechanism of the telephone at this hour can withstand only the meekest tone of voice. We do appoint Lulu Deal to be on constant guard to see that this above warning be duly heeded.

Item 6. Ruth Whittern wills her tall and imposing stature to Miss Laura Brenn. This stature is to be used instead of the one she already possesses.

Item 7. Helen Rapp wills her position as authority on Sociology to Edward Carey Hayes, author of "Introduction to the Study of Sociology," this authority to be the sole basis for a new and up-to-date textbook published for the exclusive use of Miss Ruggles.

Item 8. Ruth Tucker and Dorothy Mitchell do unite in bequeathing to Miss Beulah Rinehart the fathomless fountain of wisdom which has been the pride of the former, and the tongue of perpetual motion which has ever been the salvation of the latter, to be combined in an attempt to win for said Miss Rinehart a name in the world of oratory.

Item 9. Helen Scott wills her marcel iron to Miss Martha Cooley, providing the recipient refrain from using said iron to extract molars no matter what her train of thought may be.

Item 10. To Miss Marjorie Porterfield, Mary Eunice Eaton wills her interest in the Redding Grocery providing that interest be not carried to the extreme.

Item 11. Grace Longworth wills her knowing grin and her talkativeness to Miss Esther Erickson.

Item 12. Unto Miss Adele Sauer shall be given Dorothy Griffith's musical ability, and as a special act of kindness, Miss Doris Andrews shall be given the capacity for worrying which the donor so carefully nurtured in the course of her career.

Item 13. Florence Rohrer wills her sense of humor in Sociology class to Miss Ruggles, providing said Miss Ruggles respond to the same stimuli which the deceased found.

Item 14. To all candy lovers, Ramona Smith wills her admiration for Wayne's "arising to the occasion."

Item 15. Faith Wagner bequeaths the sanitary cot to Miss Andrews to be placed in her new home, and to be used in recuperating after her strenuous basketball season.

Item 16. Marjorie Osborn's bold and forward manner shall be given to Miss Jessie Parry, and her accumulation of flash sentences, together with those donated by other students shall be given to Miss Ida Long for future use.

Item 17. Chella Allmon wills her many excellent ideas and opinions to Miss Mabel Holland, to be used in the further training of the consciences of young Americans.

Item 18. To Mr. Fortmeyer shall be given the May-pole and all other festival equipment, providing he erect said May-pole in his yard at least once each year and invite the Seniors of '22 to dance for his entertainment at these occasions.

Item 19. To Superintendent Ward and the members of the School Board we do bequeath our life-long services.

Item 20. To Miss Teerink, we the Seniors, will the legal diction of this document to be used in making the school laws of Iowa conform to the superior laws of Indiana.

Besides these enforced gifts we leave our blessing and pledge of friendship henceforth and forever.

To Miss Wilber we will all our original and revolutionary methods of teaching and our knowledge of Psychology, to be used as subject matter for a series of illustrated lectures providing, that the proceeds from the overflow meetings be used to defray the expense of erecting a monument on the Cannibal Islands to the illustrious Class of 1922. We ask also that the following epitaph be placed thereon:

"This be the verse that you 'grave for us;
Here they lie 'neath the cac-tus.
Home are the swimmers, home from the pool
And the school-marms home from the school."

And we do hereby constitute and appoint said Miss Wilber sole executor of this, our last will and testament. In witness whereof we set our hand and seal this first day of June, Anno Domini, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-two.

THE SENIORS, '22.

Written by CHELLA ALLMON.

—:—:—
Ruth W.—"Are you frying pork?"

Dorothy M.—"No, ham."

—:—:—
Miss Ruggles (seeking the right word again—"Oh, what do you call those holes in a desk?")

Class—"Pigeon-holes."

Miss Ruggles—"I couldn't think of anything but 'dovetail'."

—:—:—
GROUND GRIPPERS!

Small child, eyeing Miss Wilber—"Lady, why do you wear man's shoes?"

—:—:—
429 E. Kirkwood,
Bloomington, Indiana,
February 12, 1922.

Dear Alma Mater:

That means Peg'n Mary Eunice, 'n Helen Scott, 'n Dorothy G. 'n Ruthie Whittern, 'n Ruth Tucker, 'n D. Mitchell, 'n Flossie R, 'n Martha More, 'n Helen Rapp, 'n Faith, Hope and Charity, 'n Grace, 'n Henry 'n Bertha May, 'n me. I had to think up how we sat before I could remember everybody. Don't you thinks its kind of bad that a whole Normal School could let anybody as nice as I am go clear away without writing her a letter and expressing its regrets? It's just the talk of the whole school down here!

I hardly know what to say myself—1. I saw Ed Thomas at a dance last night and exchanged greetings. 2. Purdue-er-accidentally won the basketball game yesterday. 3. One of my numerous roommates (4) is drawing microbes and is quite evidently blaspheming under her breath. 4. I had a very embarrassing date last night—a Theti Chi pledge who is undergoing rough initiation and is forced to carry a *corn-cob* at all times, even while dancing. 5. I've got a new "*Spring Suit*" (quotation marks and capitalization absolutely necessary). 6. I have an adorable room and want every blessed one of you to come and see it (and me). I also want either Martha or Helen to draw me a woman to put on the wall. Please-e-e-e-e. 7. I heard a good joke last week. Prof.'s Wife—"John, you have your shoes on the wrong feet." Prof. (absently)—"But my dear, they're the only feet I have." 8. Henrietta, there was a girl visiting here this week-end who carried a bottle of Lorigon perfume. Can you feature how nice I was to her?

When you answer this (O, yes, of course you're going to answer it) I want to know who's teaching where; how Miss Wilber is; are you going to have a May Festival; does Ruth T. still carry off A's by the car load; (and Dorothy Griffith too?); and by the way, is she still as frivolous as she used to be and does she walk with her hand extended lightly as she used to; does Frank still park just around the corner by the grocery; is Mr. Redding a millionaire yet or does he have as heavy a trade as he did last winter; does Ruthie Whittern wear hair ribbons and does Peggy still shimmy even if it is out of date???? I'm almost consumed with curiosity—I never was bothered with that before much—and I want to know everything, even if it takes 6c to send it and a business envelope. I have a chance to mail this so will draw to a close. Take some pictures and send me—do—do—do. And make me a woman and send it to me—you don't know what I'll do for you some day.

Loads of love and everything else to everybody.

MARIE JOHNSON.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL TELEPHONE

You have heard of the wonders of the telephone, the radio telegraph, and the wireless telephone. You know what messages of joy and sorrow they may bring, but did you ever hear of the horror of the inter-connecting Normal School telephone? You may be placidly sitting in class, dreaming of what you did last night and catching phrases of the lesson when the telephone rings. Then the buzzer rings. It is the Normal School telephone. There is a pause. Steps are heard on the stair. You frantically look in your book, appearing very much occupied, but thinking to yourself, "It surely can't be for me. I told him to call at 12:30 if it was absolutely necessary." You remember impressing upon him that telephone calls of such a nature were forbidden, and that such an act was a terrible disgrace. The door opens—"Who said my name?" Oh, it was only the teacher calling on you to recite.

At 12:30 you listen with bated breath. At last—the buzz! Three girls automatically station themselves at appointed doors and windows. You rush to the telephone and say, "Hello," in a voice which sounds like a whistle on a rainy day. The voice answers confidently, "Hello, Peg." Another "Hello" is heard. It is in the other building. He keeps on talking as if nothing were wrong while you remain silent and frozen. A click is heard! The teacher rings off, for she was a student at Normal one time herself and she knows that those things just will happen.

—VELMA HOLT, '22.

POEM

Miss Teerink comes from Iowa,
Miss Ruggles from New York,
Miss Andrews comes from Illinois,
And they can make us work!
Miss Cooley's from the Buckeye State,
Miss Long calls Kansas "home,"
While South Dakota sent Miss Brenn
In our good state to roam.
From the hills of Pennsylvania
We have our dear Miss Yost,
While of her home in Michigan
Miss Fiedler oft doth boast.
From near and far these teachers come
To teach us what they know;
And to each one we say in truth,
"We'll miss you when you go."
The rest are loyal Hoosiers—
For them no parting tear,
Instead, for them this cheerful thought,
"We'll see you all next year."

—CLASS OF '22.

AS OTHERS SEE US

NAME.	FAVORITE SAYING.	CHIEF OCCUPATION.	AMBITION.
Chella Allmon.....	I don't know, but I think—Giving opinions.....	To display her diamond.
Mary Eunice Eaton.....	Good heavens!.....	Dancing	To be an actress.
Dorothy Griffith.....	Oh, help!.....	Singing	To be a doctor's wife.
Velma Holt.....	Oh, there he is again.	Flirting	To find time to study.
Grace Longworth.....	No, sir!.....	Playing with her pencil	To cultivate her voice.
Dorothy Mitchell....	Why? What for?....	Asking questions....	To sing.
Martha More.....	Ye gods!.....	Drawing pictures....	To remember.
Marjorie Osborn....	Oh, my goodness!...	Writing lesson plans.	To be a minister's wife.
Helen Rapp.....	Well, I don't see....	Arguing	To stay single.
Florence Rohrer....	Sure enough!.....	Making dates.....	To go back South.
Henrietta Ross.....	Well, I don't care....	Teasing	To get her ring back.
Helen Scott.....	For the love of beer!	Eating	To find a cave man.
Ramona Smith.....	That is—	Bluffing	To get to class on time.
Ruth Tucker.....	Oh, thunder!.....	Giggling	To get fat.
Faith Wagner.....	Well—	Taking notes.....	To be an opera singer.
Ruth Whittern.....	My word!.....	Distributing poetry...	To use big words.

ON PRESENTATION OF A BOX OF CANDY

Class of 1907

Oh! dear Miss Wilber, you've had much trouble
 To make us see one thing as double,
 To make us see two things as one
 And how many lines to an apex come.
 To show us that it was quite right
 That we should have a mental sight,
 A mental ear, a mental touch,
 And, oh, there was so very much
 Of which you spake and wrote and taught
 Before we ever grasped the thought.
 Now, believe it, we are sorry
 That we have caused you so much worry,
 But we are very grateful, too,
 For everything that you did do.
 This was a lengthy preparation
 Next follows our presentation
 Of the thought which we have now conceived
 (That your mind might be somewhat relieved)
 To give you a book for the holiday
 To occupy you in a different way
 From that which you must be all through the year
 When so much of school affairs you hear.
 But such a book was hard to find;
 It is of a very peculiar kind.
 It's not on the brain, nor the eye, nor the ear,
 Nor on what we touch, or smell, or hear.
 It's not on the spiritual or social "me,"
 Nor will it enable you ever to see
 Why the philosopher Descartes thought
 That "I am I" and you are nought.
 It's not on the history of wonderful Ed.,
 Nor the method by which a good lesson is said.
 It's not on the cray-fish, amoeba, or bug
 Nor the butterflies hiding in chrysalese snug.
 You must conclude, 'tis something strange
 This wondrous book doth hold.
 But really, 'tis a common thing
 In many places sold.
 'Tis something that you can digest
 With perfect lack of thought,
 You need no skill in learning,
 You need not to be taught.
 So open up the book at once,
 See the edition's name
 From that you'll find out quick enough
 What the great book doth contain.

IN MEMORIAM

The Senior girls had brains a plenty
 Till one sad day in nineteen-twenty
 We saw their door in sorrow dressed
 And read, "Our brains—they are at rest."
 We moved about with solemn tread
 When we learned their brains were dead.
 We'll miss those brains of the Senior lasses
 More and more as the winter passes;
 We're sorry that they've gone to rest
 We hope they live among the blest.
 And in some future reincarnation
 They ring rousing cheers from all the nation
 For the Fort Wayne Normal School.

GRADUATES

ABEL, JENNIE M. Mrs. D. H. Caldwell. City.
ABEL, MARY A. City.
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BROWN, BERNICE M.....	Teacher	City.
BROWN, JEANETTE.....	Mrs. Robert Kell.....	City.
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 ZUCKER, MARIE L.....City.

—:—:—

SONGS FROM THE CLASS OF '21

Tune, "Old Fashioned Garden"

It was an old fashioned building,
 Just an old frame dwelling,
 But it carried us through
 When at times we were blue
 And we're loyal now to you.
 The building may have been old fashioned
 But the methods, they were new.
 And we'll leave the Fort Wayne Normal
 Knowing just what a teacher should do.

Tune, "Feather Your Nest"

Seniors are singing, "Our lessons are done"
 Seniors are humming, "We've had lots of fun"
 It's time for teaching, no time left for preaching;
 The children are waiting, we must answer their plea.
 To a room of fifty, perhaps we'll be sent
 Where on some mischief each pupil is bent.
 But we will love them, and do our best for them,
 Watch carefully o'er them, and they'll do the rest.

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Tune, K-K-K-Katy.

Words, Helen Roebel, '18.

Eighteen lassies started off to Normal School,
 Thought perhaps that they would learn a room to rule;
 Found that it was hard
 Just to play the winning card—
 Still you hear them pipe this gay old tune.
 Some found that this work they didn't fit,
 These few just gave up the ghost and quit,
 The rest plugged right along
 On their brows was never a frown,
 That is why they sing this joyful song.

CHORUS.

N-N-N-Normal, Dear Old Normal,
 Oh, we thought that we were glad when we were through;
 But now that we're back here
 There is a tear, Dear,
 Just because we c-c-c-can't come back to you.
 One year we have spent without a rest,
 Trying just to do our level best;
 Attending all the meetings
 Although some we find a pest,
 To sit for forty hours and hear some Sup's request.
 We find that to handle Kids is nix—
 If you don't have any more than sixty-six;
 And visitors galore come a knocking at our door,
 That is when we sing our song again.
 Repeat Chorus.

—:—:—
Miss Ruggles—"I called on you, Miss Rapp, because I wanted an authority for Miss Whitter's statement."

—:—:—
Ramona—"Can a child's face be motivated?" (meaning 'animated').

Your Education Is Never Finished

After you graduate from school or college your education really begins for the "School of Experience" is the greatest educator. The learning you receive in the class room only educates you so that you may thereafter use the knowledge to learn more.

You will find it necessary to keep your knowledge of the World's rapidly changing conditions up-to-date. To do this you must read **GOOD NEWSPAPERS**. Newspapers that are clean editorially and which have the best writers on important subjects.

This paper is the only paper in Fort Wayne that receives its World News over the leased wires of **THE ASSOCIATED PRESS**, the greatest news gathering organization in the world. National, International and state news are accurately reported. Science, Art, Literature, Economics and Business are reviewed by able writers.

THAT'S WHY YOU SHOULD READ

THE JOURNAL-GAZETTE

Tune, "A Perfect Day."

Words, Class of 1915.

When you come to the end of your school career
And you sit alone with your thought,
When you think of the times with your schoolmates dear
And the joys which the old days brought,
You think of the pranks that you often played
And the way you were punished then,
And you smile and smile as you think them o'er
And wish you were in school again.
You think of your critic teachers dear
And of the lesson plans that you wrote
And of the times you have tried to teach
A lesson learned by rote.
And you racked your brain for a motive new
Which would appeal to the class,
And of Courtis tests which took hours of work
As your thought before you pass.

Tune, "Old Oaken Bucket."

Words, Class of 1920.

How dear to our hearts are the scenes out at Normal,
When each of us strove a good teacher to be.
The Attic, the Kitchen, the long-wished-for Rest Room,
The Gym and the Office, we plainly can see.
The many good times, the assemblies, and parties
And everything else, different classes began;
Psychology, methods, and inductive lessons,
Our fond recollections bring to us again.

Miss Muller—"Help, stop him! He was flirting with me."
Cop—"Never mind, lady, there's plenty more."

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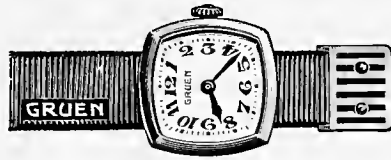
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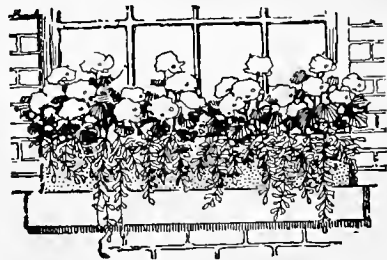
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